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WITH SUPPLEMENT: PRESIDENT LOUBET AT THE OPERA GALA PERFORMANCE. SIXPENCE.

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Duke of Connaught.

King.

President.

Prince of Wales.

FRENCH HOSPITALITY TO THE BRITISH SOVEREIGN: M. LOUBET'S BANQUET TO KING EDWARD AT THE EMBASSY, JULY 7.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

President Loubet entertained his illustrious guests at a great horseshoe table in the new ball-room of the French Embassy. The china, glass, and silver candelabra were brought

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY J. F. AUSTIN.

Before these lines are read President Loubet will be safe at home, to the surprise, no doubt, of M. de Cassagnac, who has been telling his readers that British hatred of France is eternal. We have masked that sentiment pretty well this week; but who has not heard of our hypocrisy? M. de Cassagnac will be glad to know that British perfidy was not entirely dormant for three days. There was a plot to keep M. Loubet in London over the August Bank Holiday. It was organised by the directors of the Crystal Palace, and some leading men in the cocoanut trade, who argued, not without reason, that the President ought not to leave the country without inspecting the artistic resources of Sydenham, and the national sports on Hampstead Heath. So resolute were the moving spirits in this affair that a committee of costermongers had laid their plans for gently kidnapping our distinguished guest, and keeping him in great comfort (no stint of winks and saveloys) in a house on wheels until August the third. A retired housebreaker is said to have volunteered to crack the royal crib, as he expressed it, meaning that he would enter St. James's Palace in the dead of the night, and carry off M. Loubet with no more ado than if the Chief of the Republic were a sleeping babe.

When the authorities got wind of this, they were much perplexed. Of course, they appreciated the exalted motive of the conspirators. It was truly distressing that M. Loubet's official visit should be limited to three days, leaving him no time to make the acquaintance of our most important institutions. There was actually no provision for a visit to Billingsgate, so well known to M. de Cassagnac as the fountain of our English speech. But, as the Home Secretary explained to a deputation of the costermongers in a private interview, the danger of detaining M. Loubet beyond the appointed time was that M. de Cassagnac would hasten to Boulogne with an army of invasion, and show that Napoleon did not know everything in 1803. A Cabinet Council had even decided that it was unsafe to gratify M. Loubet's natural desire to visit the Tower, for fear it should be rumoured that he was a prisoner there in the hands of ferocious Beefeaters. "Remember," added the Home Secretary impressively, "the story of Madame Waddington's little boy. She had incautiously allowed him to go to the Tower, and he returned to the French Embassy to suffer a dreadful nightmare of the executioner with his axe pursuing headless ladies of high birth. Next morning, when the boy learnt that his mother was about to pay a visit to Queen Victoria, he was in sore dismay. 'Don't go, mother!' he cried; 'she lives in the Tower, and she'll cut off your head!' Gentlemen, you see how sensitive is the French imagination. What would be said in Paris if you seized the person of the President even with the friendliest intention?" I am told that the deputation thanked the Home Secretary for his statesmanlike address, and withdrew. At a subsequent meeting it was decided, with one dissentient, to abandon the plot. The dissentient was the retired housebreaker, who complained that he had lost the grandest job of his life.

Paris has taken M. Loubet's journey with a better humour than M. de Cassagnac's. In a satirical print where one does not usually look for amiable sentiment about England, I find a dialogue headed, "England for Ever!" King Edward and M. Loubet are strolling from Trafalgar Square to Leicester Square, attended by the President's secretary, and one of Nelson's lions. The King and his guest are the best of friends; but there is some patriotic acerbity between the lion and the secretary. "Calais was ours once!" growls the lion. "You burnt Joan of Arc!" retorts the secretary, who bursts into various historical battle-cries, such as, "Montjoie et St. Denis! Vive l'Empereur! Vive la République! Vive l'Armée!" Whereupon the King and the President exclaim together, "Taisez-vous donc, espèces d'énergumènes!" That delightful word reminds me of the journalist in "Middlemarch," who denounced his political opponents as energumens. "But what's an energumen?" asked a bewildered country gentleman. "Oh, it's a term that came up in the French Revolution." The lion and the secretary are full of terms that came up in all the wars of France and England; but, sobered by rebuke, they confess that it is the spirit of exaggeration and contradiction that keeps alive animosities which ought to be buried. Moreover, in this satirical print there are two cartoons, one representing British Grenadiers saluting the flag of their country, and the other a little idyll between Mr. Atkins and a nursery-maid in Kensington Gardens. Mr. Atkins smiles, for he is about to receive a rose which he will carry next his heart. Olive-branches indeed from the jesters of Paris!

The President could have had no doubt of the heartiness of the London greeting. I think the people caught much of it from the King. "The dissimulation of Edouard!" I can hear M. de Cassagnac proclaiming. But there was no mistaking the King's genuine pleasure

to receive such a visitor in his own capital. When they drove down St. James's Street, everybody shouting "Vive Loubet!" with the accent on the second syllable—for had we not all read in the morning papers that we must come out strongly with the "Bay," and quite gently with the "Loo"?—the King was plainly giving his distinguished guest a brief but animated history of what Disraeli called "that celebrated eminence." As they passed the Devonshire Club, the royal historian, you may be sure, did not forget its rollicking past. "Used to be Crockford's, a gambling den. Highly respectable now—look at the men on the balconies; but there was once a statesman named Fox who lost thousands there every night. That droll little building you can just see at the bottom of the street is St. James's Palace, where I am putting you up. Ramshackle old place, but comfortable. We have had the courtyard repaved in your honour, in spite of opposition from officers of the Guards, who said we should spoil a capital training-ground for my young soldiers. It toughened their ankles, and made them fit to do anything. But I am told it lamed the civilians. This is our dreadful militarism, M. le Président!"

Here the King laughed, and a serious gentleman in the second carriage, whom I took to be the Director of the Protocol, looked anxious. "Vive Loo-Bay-y-y!" we shouted more than ever. "I hope you like our London crowd," proceeded his Majesty. "They are uncommonly glad to see you. Do you know who rules over them? Not I." "Mais —!" gasped the astonished President. "Not I," repeated the King. "Not these troops of mine; but those gentlemen in blue modestly effacing themselves against doorposts. The London police, M. le Président, are our masters. If one of them were to raise his hand now—surely you have heard of that HAND!—this procession would stop. We should have to turn back, and take another route. It is a mercy to-day that the Hand is in repose. And yet it gives itself no airs. If you were to walk about when the crowd is dispersing, you would see a constable, with a lost child under each arm, placidly wending his way to the nearest police-station, as if the town did not belong to him!"

A great inspiration seized the official mind that day of the President's coming. It was felt that our gala was under the critical eyes of a people who manage these things to perfection. As a rule, when we stand in the streets for hours, waiting patiently for a spectacle, the atmosphere is steeped in silence. It is apparently supposed that we prefer this; we are philosophers wrapped in meditation on the world's affairs; wondering, mayhap, who *did* write that romance in John Lane's Red Box. (I keep on hinting to him that I wrote it; but he will not take me seriously.) If there are military bands on the scene, they observe a severe reticence. The gentleman with the largest trumpet gazes into its capacious interior, as if John Lane's secret were hidden within. But somebody had a brilliant idea. "This is not the French way," he said. "The French like music. There will be thousands of French people in the crowd, and we must entertain them. Let us sacrifice our great and silent thinking for their sake. Let the bands strike up!" So they did. To the manifest wonder of the populace, they not only struck up; they marched up and down; the buglers waved their bugles in the air, and blew triumphant blasts. But still there were pauses, and in one of them I heard a Frenchman remark to a friend that a very little music contented the English. I beseech him to be tolerant. We have made a beginning.

Before he left Paris the President remarked to an interviewer that he admired in the English people "their marvellous sangfroid and their great political instinct." Perhaps we have convinced him that we are not so cool after all. If any foreign observer had supposed that, when we have notable visitors, we want them to be crowned heads, he must now perceive his error. We are so content with our own monarchy that the monarchies of other peoples do not greatly stir our sympathies or pique our curiosity. But the President of the French Republic, as the guest of the King, was a novel and stimulating figure. In one of his admirable speeches, touched with a personal warmth quite unknown to the Protocol, M. Loubet pointed out that although the form of Government differs between England and France, they have a certain unity of liberal institutions. That is why we sang the "Marseillaise" with a cheerful acquiescence in its denunciation of tyrants.

Our real sangfroid is shown by the people who give their waking hours to "bridge," sitting at green tables, silent and contemplative, like the images of Buddha. Had the President seen them he would have said: "But does not this destroy the art of conversation?" And a gentle woman's voice would have made answer: "True, M. le Président; but it has also destroyed the love of scandal. Is not this a gain to civilisation?" And the President would have returned to Paris with the idea that our "bridge" players are a new religious sect!

PARLIAMENT.

In the House of Lords a debate on the alleged deterioration of the national physique was initiated by Lord Meath, who quoted the report of the Royal Commission on physical training in Scotland, and the report of the Inspector-General of Recruiting for 1902. The information supplied by both was disquieting. Physical degeneracy in Scotland is not confined to the towns. Recruits drawn from the working classes are of poorer quality every year. The Bishop of Ripon gave some statistics which pointed to a serious decline of the birth-rate. A Royal Commission was promised by the Duke of Devonshire, who said that preliminary inquiries would be made by the War Office and the Home Office in conjunction with the Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. He could not accept the figures of the Bishop of Ripon, and pointed out that it was fallacious to draw from partial statements any conclusions as to the general condition of the population.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh introduced the long-expected Bill to deal with motor-cars. This proposes that motor-cars shall be registered and numbered, and that the drivers of hired cars shall be licensed, the licenses to run the risk of forfeiture in case of misconduct. There was to be no statutory limit of speed, but dangerous and reckless driving would be punished by heavy fines, £20 or three months' imprisonment for the first offence, and £50 or six months' imprisonment for the second. When the penalty of imprisonment without the option of a fine was inflicted, there would be a right of appeal. The exact nature of reckless and dangerous driving is left somewhat indefinite, and seems likely to give rise to endless controversy.

The clauses of the Irish Land Bill have shot through Committee with the velocity of racing motors, and nobody has complained of the pace.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE REDSKINS," AT THE HIPPODROME.

With the crowning "sensation" of their latest dramatic production, the Hippodrome authorities may well be thought to have excelled their own unique record in the field of theatrical realism. The story of "The Redskins," as Miss Alice Ramsey and Mr. Rudolph de Cordova style their romantic representation of old-time life in the backwoods, has a thrilling enough plot apart from its audacious climax. What say you to the picture of an Indian encampment in which captured "pale-faces" are tied to trees awaiting torture amid wild dances of the red men, the snapping of pistol-shots, and the glare of torches? That is one of the opening scenes of the Hippodrome's new play; but there is something better in reserve. For, thanks to the gratitude of an Indian squaw, the white prisoners escape to the river and swim, men and women, safely across, pursued by a yelling crowd of redskins. Even so, the most exciting episode of all is yet to come. Down the river—that is, over the rapids—the Indians follow their prey. The Hippodrome arena shows a mass of swirling water, tumbling from a great height, and over the falls pitch the supposed Redskins in light canoes, some hurled into the maelstrom, some shot in mid-air, as the white men ply their revolvers from the 'vantage-ground of shelter. It is a marvellously vivid spectacle, for the success of which the stage-manager, Mr. Frank Parker, deserves no small measure of the credit.

MUSIC.

A pianoforte and vocal recital was given on Friday afternoon, July 3, at the St. James's Hall by Mr. Herbert Fryer and Mr. Whitney Tew. The latter has a very flexible bass voice, but it has perhaps a somewhat monotonous tone. He sang the "Four Serious Songs" of Brahms excellently, and two songs by request, one of Martini, "Plaisir d'amour," and the other by Bach, "Hat man nicht mit seinen Kindern." A delightful song of Dvorák, "Darf des Falken Schwinge," was also given. The last of his selection was a cycle of songs by Frances Allitsen, entitled "Phases." They are written well and are original, but are by no means among the best work that Miss Allitsen has given us. Mr. Herbert Fryer played with a sympathetic touch and in graceful fashion the beautiful compositions of Brahms, the Intermezzo in B flat minor, the Capriccio in B minor, and the Rhapsodie in E flat. He is a very conscientious pianist, and played admirably also compositions of M. L. White, Farjeon, Poldini, and Chopin.

Mr. John Thomas gave his annual Harp Concert at the St. James's Hall on Saturday, July 4. Mr. Thomas played two compositions of his own, the Misses Eissler played on the violin and harp, and the vocalists were Miss Katie Jones, Miss K. Williams, Miss Currey, and Mr. Denys and Mr. Richards. The choir of lady harpists played four pieces, one being a stirring Coronation March by Mr. John Thomas, and another the Funeral March from the Sonata in B flat minor of Chopin.

THE WORLD'S NEWS.

PRESIDENT LOUBET
IN LONDON.

The French war-ship *Guichen*, symbol of a peaceful mission and bearer of one of the most distinguished upholders of the peace of Europe, left Boulogne about noon on July 6 and steered for Dover. Some there were who noted that this friendly invasion of our shores by France took place exactly one hundred years after the memorable day on which Napoleon arrived at Boulogne to direct the operations of the great host that lay encamped there ready to swoop down upon England. The opportunity never came; the terror of Bonaparte's name passed away. Nearly half a century later we stood shoulder to shoulder with France in the field, and to-day, the minor irritations of Fashoda and the Boer War forgotten, M. Loubet, the simple citizen bred to the forensic and not the military art, has come and seen and conquered. In mid-Channel a destroyer flotilla met the President and escorted him to Dover, where the assembled war-ships accorded the head of the Republic a magnificent welcome. The Duke of Connaught received M. Loubet at the landing-place, and, after accepting an address from the Corporation, the President drove to the railway-station and took train for London. Victoria Station was reached at 4.15, and there the King, the Prince of Wales, other members of the royal family, and the Prime Minister welcomed the President, who introduced his suite, M. Delcassé receiving from King Edward a particularly hearty greeting. Along the decorated route to St. James's Palace the citizens accorded M. Loubet an enthusiastic reception, which evidently gratified him. Our illustrious guest had hardly set foot in London when his continuous round of duties began. He rested only a short time at York House, and then set out to call on the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace and on the Prince and Princess of Wales, his opposite neighbours at St. James's. A visit to the Duke of Connaught followed, and then the President proceeded to the French Embassy, where an address was presented by the French colony in London. In the evening M. Loubet dined with the King and Queen at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty, in proposing the President's health, expressed his pleasure at receiving him under his roof, and adverted cordially to his own recent visit to Paris. President Loubet, who replied in French, accepted the honour done him as paid to the French nation, and said that the King's visit to Paris would have the happiest effects in drawing the two nations into closer union.

The President began his second day's engagements very early with visits to the French Hospital and the French Governesses' Home. During the morning he received addresses at York House from public and private bodies, and at one o'clock he was welcomed by the Corporation of London at the Guildhall. An address was presented by the City; and at the banquet, which the Prince of Wales attended, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the President in an eloquent discourse delivered in French. M. Loubet replied with that cordiality which has marked all his public utterances. The remaining great functions of the day were the dinner at the Embassy, where M. Loubet entertained the King, and the brilliant gala performance at the Opera, depicted in our Supplement. The Aldershot review of July 9 we propose to illustrate next week.

ROYALTY AND
IRELAND.

Details of the visit of the King and Queen to Ireland are now announced. On reaching Holyhead on July 20, their Majesties will receive addresses from the Rural District Council and the Anglesey County Council. These will be presented at the mail jetty. During the embarkation the Channel Fleet will fire a salute, and, if practicable, a Welsh choir will sing patriotic airs. The arrival at Dublin is timed for early on the following day; on July 25 their Majesties will leave for the North of Ireland, on Aug. 1 arrive at Cork, and on the following day re-embark on the royal yacht. The route from Kingstown to Dublin will be identical with that taken by Queen Victoria in 1900, save that the King and Queen will proceed by Royal Marine Road instead of by Clarence Road, Kingstown. The tour in the West is to be made chiefly by motor-car, but it is likely that the royal yacht will be taken a short distance round the coast in order that the King may view the cliff scenery of Galway.

KING EDWARD AND
SERVIA.

The King's acknowledgment of King Peter's notification of his acceptance of the throne of Serbia was marked by that tact, dignity, and courtesy which never seems to fail his Majesty or his advisors. "I offer to your Majesty in these circumstances," runs the message, "the assurance of my personal goodwill, and, whilst expressing my sincere desire that your reign may bring to the

people entrusted to your charge the blessings of peace, justice, and prosperity, I hope that your Majesty will succeed in restoring the good repute of your country, upon which recent events have left so regrettable a stain." It is rumoured, by the way, that the Sixth and Seventh Regiments are to be transferred from Belgrade to smaller cities. King Peter evidently realises that the hand that raised him to the throne can also draw the sword.

THE GORDON
BENNETT RACE.

To the public relief, the great international motor-race for the Gordon-Bennett Cup passed off without serious mishap. The Irish course was well policed, the neighbourhood had been duly warned, and the elaborate system of controls

its owner was severely hurt. Mr. Edge, who had been handicapped by punctures, made a gallant but fruitless struggle towards the end. At 5.39 p.m. de Knyff finished first, but was beaten on time by Jenatzy, who came in three minutes later. The second place could not be adjudged until the full reports of the timekeepers in the controls were made up, but it was known that the decision lay between de Knyff and Farman. The former was eventually awarded the second place. The average speeds were not sensational, though eighty miles an hour was occasionally reached. The official times of the two first competitors were as follows: Jenatzy, 6 hours 39 min.; De Knyff, 6 hours 50 min. 40 sec. Farman was third, 6 hours 51 min. 44 sec.; Gabriel fourth with 7 hours 11 min. 33 sec.; and Edge fifth with 9 hours 28 min. 48 sec. The prize was awarded to the Deutscher Automobile Club, of which the Belgian, M. Jenatzy, is a member.



THE LATE VISCOUNT COLVILLE OF CULROSS,
LORD CHAMBERLAIN TO 'QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

limited the highest speeds to definite areas, so that reckless driving was almost impossible. At seven o'clock on the morning of July 2 Mr. S. F. Edge (England), the Cup-holder, driving a Napier car, started from Ballyshannon, and at intervals of seven minutes the other competitors took the road. The second to go was the Chevalier R. de Knyff (France) on a Panhard, and the third was Mr. Owen (America) on his Winton. M. Jenatzy (Germany), driving a Mercédès, followed, and the next was Mr. Jarrott (England) on a Napier. To him succeeded M. Gabriel (France) on a demoniacal-looking Mors; then came Mr. Mooers (America) on a Peerless, Baron de Caters (Germany) on a Mercédès, Mr. Stocks (England) on a Napier, M. Farman (France) on a Panhard, Mr. Foxhall Keene (Germany) on the third Mercédès, and lastly Mr. Winton (America) on a Winton. Mr. Winton should have

THE MOTOR SPEED-
TRIALS.

Following on the Gordon-Bennett Race, speed-trials were held in Phoenix Park, Dublin, on July 4. Among the most interesting events was the scratch race for the *Daily Mail* Cup for the fastest car over the flying kilometre, for cars not exceeding 1000 kilos, or 19 cwt. 3 qr. In this race all the cars broke the record. The winner was Baron de Forest, who, on a 70-horse power Mors, covered the distance in 27.1 sec. Mr. C. S. Rolls was a good second on his 80-horse power Mors, which ran the kilometre in exactly 28 sec.

THE LATE
VISCOUNT COLVILLE
OF CULROSS.

The Right Hon. Sir Charles John Colville, K.T., G.C.V.O., first Viscount and Baron Colville in the Peerage of the United Kingdom, and tenth Baron Colville in the Peerage of Scotland, who died on July 1, was closely connected with the Court for upwards of half a century. At the time of his death he was Lord Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra, and had been Chief Equerry and Clerk-Marshal to Queen Victoria, Master of the Buckhounds, and Chamberlain to Queen Alexandra when Princess of Wales. The eldest son of General Sir Charles Colville, he succeeded his uncle in the Scottish title in 1849, and in 1885, after sitting for several years as a representative peer, was created a peer of the United Kingdom. His Viscounty dates from the Coronation of the King. The commercial side of his career was represented by his directorships of the Great Northern, the Highland, and the Central London Railways. Among his recreations must be mentioned sketching and painting; shooting, at which he lost the sight of an eye some thirty years ago; and yachting. The late peer married the Hon. Cecile Katherine Mary, daughter of the second Lord Carrington, in 1853.

THE BIRTH OF A
PRINCE.

To her Royal Highness Princess Charles of Denmark a son was born at 5.50 p.m. on July 2. Princess Maud is the youngest daughter of the King and Queen, and was born at Marlborough House on Nov. 26, 1869. On July 22, 1896, she married Prince Charles of Denmark, G.C.B., G.C.V.O., Hon. Lieutenant in his Majesty's Fleet, and Hon. Lieutenant-Colonel of the Norfolk Imperial Yeomanry.

Major-
SOMALILAND. Gene-
ral

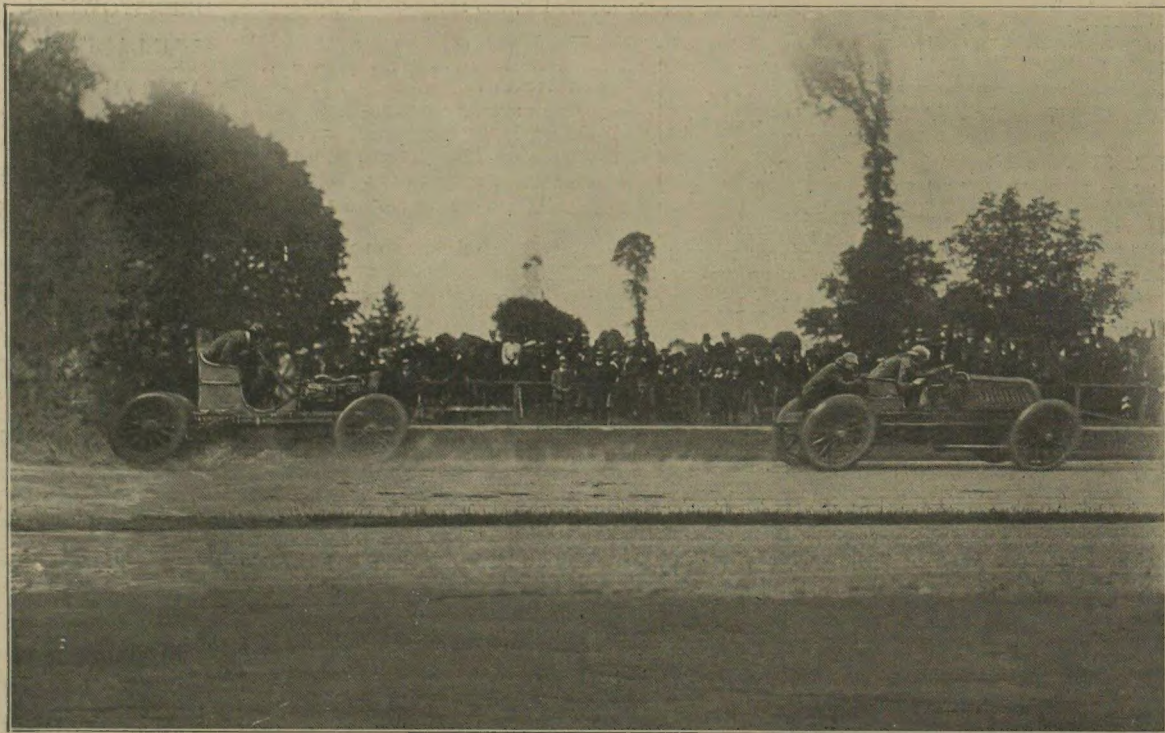
Egerton, the new Commander-in-Chief, arrived at Aden and immediately went on to Berbera. He reports demoralisation of the Mullah's forces. It is expected that the new commander will adopt strong measures for the suppression of the Mullah. The Abyssinians have not completed their operations, and have again engaged the Ogaden Somalis, on whom they inflicted heavy loss. Rumours of white prisoners in the Mullah's camp are again afloat.

THE AMERICA
CUP. Sham-
rock I. and Sham-
rock III.

continued their trial spins off Sandy Hook on July 6, the challenger sustaining her reputation by covering a course of thirty miles in six minutes less than her opponent. Her owner was the recipient of a miniature replica of the America Cup at a dinner given by the New York Yacht Club, and in his speech of thanks spoke of his hope of winning the original. "I will have a small niche prepared for the replica alongside one for the original," he said. "I never have seen the old Cup closer than in the centre of a dinner-table, but I expect to have an opportunity of examining it closely in a couple of months' time."

THE ASSOUAN DAM.

In its first year the Assouan Dam has justified its existence. The whole of the water stored in the reservoir during the winter has now been set free, and the irrigation of the summer crops in Middle and



THE MOTOR SPEED TRIALS IN PHOENIX PARK, DUBLIN: THE HON. C. S. ROLLS LEADS MR. HUTTON
AT EIGHTY MILES AN HOUR.

Note the curious elliptical appearance of the wheels of the cars at a very high speed.

started eleventh, but his carburettor failed to act, and when Mr. Edge completed his first circuit, he passed the luckless American at the roadside, still struggling with his refractory machinery. Mr. Winton lost quite an hour, and with it all hope of winning. For about sixty miles Mr. Edge led, and was then passed by the Chevalier de Knyff; and after the one hundred and forty-ninth mile, M. Jenatzy began to assert his superiority. Finally, as the day wore on, it became manifest that America was hopelessly beaten. Mr. Mooers ran his car into a ditch, and became a spectator of the struggle. Luck was also against England. Mr. Stocks' car came to grief in a fence near Castle Dermot, and the driver had to retire slightly injured; then Mr. Jarrott's car collapsed on Stradbally Hill, and

Photo. Capt. H. C. Hall.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENTON.



THE MAYORS OF ST. MARYLEBONE AND HOLBORN PRESENTING ADDRESSES TO PRESIDENT LOUBET ON HIS WAY TO THE GUILDHALL, JULY 7.
The ceremony took place on a platform erected at the north side of Oxford Circus. Mr. C. J. Elgood, Mayor of St. Marylebone, and Mr. R. W. Dibdin, Mayor of Holborn, made the presentations, and the President heartily thanked them for their expressions of goodwill.

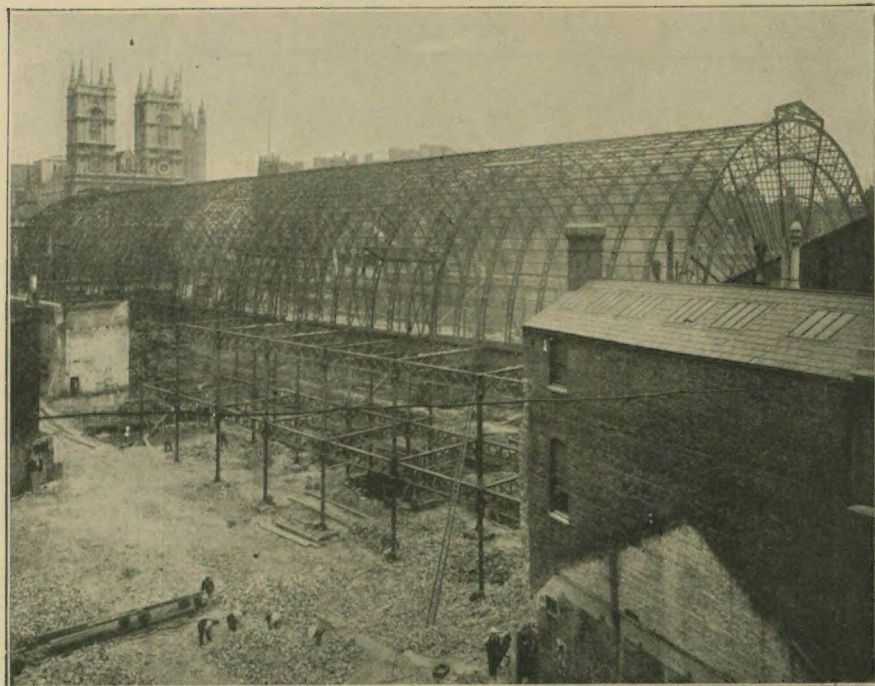


Photo. Art Reproduction Co.

THE DISMANTLING OF THE ROYAL AQUARIUM: THE PRESENT APPEARANCE OF THE BUILDING.

Lower Egypt is assured. Already a much increased area of cotton has benefited, and for the first time the connected basins of the Assiout and Minieh provinces have received summer water. In view of the greater prosperity that must ensue to the country, even the partial submersion of the historic island of Philæ may be forgiven.

THE BALKAN THREAT.

Will the peace be kept between Bulgaria and Turkey? The Bulgarian Government has addressed a Note to the Powers, complaining that the Sultan has concentrated thirty battalions of troops on the Bulgarian frontier, and that the Turks are carrying out repression in Macedonia with reckless cruelty. It is affirmed that the Bulgarians in that province are treated with special rigour. This is not surprising, for the Turks believe that the Macedonian risings have all been instigated from Sofia. The scheme of reforms, solemnly drawn up by Russia and Austria, is, of course, a dead letter. Nobody was simple enough to imagine that the Macedonians wanted the reforms, or that the Pashas would be able to apply them. What the Macedonians want is to escape from Turkish rule—a very natural aspiration; but the various nationalities which divide the country cannot agree about its future. The Greeks detest the Bulgarians, and would rather see the Sultan still dominant in Macedonia than see it under Bulgarian authority. To one set of Christians the Moslem is far more acceptable than another set of Christians; and when it comes to unscrupulous intrigue, and a natural taste for homicide, no religious distinctions can be drawn. To the Powers immediately interested the various factions are so many pawns on the chessboard; and war will be made or peace preserved just as it suits the highest diplomatic convenience.

THE FAR EAST.

The Tientsin Correspondent of the *Standard* sends a report that will be far from reassuring to the advocates of international peace. "The opinion prevails in Russian circles here," he writes, "that the outbreak in the Far East is inevitable." The Japanese are said to be mobilising, and M. Lessar, the Russian Minister, Admiral Pokotiloff, and General Wogak are at Port Arthur. He also states that it is thought in Tientsin that in the event of a war with Russia everything would be in favour of the Japanese, and that "they are certainly better prepared than the Russians."

THE COMPLETION OF THE AMERICAN PACIFIC CABLE.

The completion of the new commercial Pacific cable, which, passing through Honolulu, Midway Island, and Guam, joins the United States and the Philippines, makes it possible to span the world in nine and a half minutes. The last connection was made at Honolulu on July 4, and President Roosevelt inaugurated it with a message to Governor Taft at Manila. On receiving a reply, the President dispatched a message westward round the world to Mr. Clarence H. Mackay, president of the Commercial Pacific Company, who was with him at Oyster Bay. This returned in twelve minutes. Mr. Mackay's reply, sent eastward, was received at its starting-point in nine and a half minutes.

MR. CHOATE.

At the dinner of the American Society on Independence Day Mr. Choate made one of the happiest of the happy speeches which have given him so high a reputation. He is more fortunate than his predecessors in one thing. Most of them lived among us in times when it was difficult for an American Ambassador to please an English audience without exciting unfavourable criticism at home. It is a striking proof of the change in the public opinion of America that Mr. Choate is not the object of attack on the

certain conditions, the price of bread must rise. A corn duty, for example, ought to bring this about, if the economists are right. But it is the humour of bread to flout the economists. When Sir Michael Hicks Beach restored the shilling duty which Mr. Gladstone maintained for twenty years, that the food would be dearer it was way, here though why should cost place, and



NEW EMERGENCY ISSUES OF COLOMBIAN POSTAGE STAMPS.

Owing to the late political disturbances and the interruption of communications in Colombia, many of the smaller post-offices have had to manufacture their own stamps, of which some rather crude examples (supplied to us by Messrs. Bright and Son) are here given. Of the two identical stamps with portraits of General Pinzon, the first is red, the second brown.

another, did not appear. That was part of the joke. Just as we were forgetting all about the price of bread, the duty was remitted. By all the rules of orthodoxy, the price ought to have gracefully responded by falling. Instead of that it has gone up. The Liverpool bakers have clapped on another penny. This gives quite a new ethical aspect to the game of pull devil, pull baker. People who do not appreciate a jest may say that the competitors are on the same side. At all events, reasons which are good enough for the Liverpool bakers are likely to prevail elsewhere, and just at the moment when we are told by the orthodox that the consumer always benefits when duties are taken off!

An Irish member has made a present of home-grown tobacco to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and has asked him to try it. Either Mr. Ritchie is not a smoker, or he quailed before the experiment. When the Irish member inquired how he liked the weed from Erin, he said it had been referred to the judgment of "a friend." Mr. William Redmond, whose interpolations are better than his speeches, wanted to know whether the "friend" was the Colonial Secretary. The House of Commons was much diverted by this suggestion of Mr. Ritchie and Mr. Chamberlain conducting an inquiry with a single mind. Mr. Chamberlain is one of the most redoubtable smokers in the Kingdom, and even Irish members would accept his judgment on the quality of their tobacco. He would not ruthlessly extinguish hope if he thought the modestly

ground that he is subservient to British feeling. To the American Society the Ambassador said that he wanted to see a statue of George Washington in London and a statue of Queen Victoria in Washington. This might be arranged by mutual presentation. We ought to send the statue of the Queen to America, where it would be more at home than the Kaiser's monument of Frederick the Great; and we should welcome the gift of the Washington memorial from our American kinsmen. Both statues should be transported in war-ships, to give them the highest mark of national dignity. Such an exchange of tokens would be a happy augury of that goodwill of which Mr. Choate is so impressive a representative.

aspiring weed had promise. The very sight of him smoking an Irish cigar would sooth many animosities in the green island. He has hinted, moreover, that if he can carry his fiscal policy, the duty on tobacco will be reduced. On Irish tobacco there might be no duty at all. Perhaps this is what the *Westminster Gazette* means when it says that Mr. Chamberlain has still "more insidious designs" than he has yet disclosed. At present we do not know who Mr. Ritchie's judicial "friend" may be; but it is a good omen that no bulletin has been issued as to the state of his health.

THE RELEASE OF MR. HARRIS.

After three weeks' captivity, Mr. Harris is once more in possession of the freedom of Morocco, a desirable state of things brought about by "the tact and energy displayed by the British Minister and the unfailing kindness of the Shereef of Wazan," coupled with the handing over of certain prisoners in exchange. Mr. Harris states that, although he underwent considerable hardships in the first ten days, the treatment he received on the whole was not bad. No pecuniary demands were made by his captors. It would be interesting to know the Czar's opinion of Raisuli's estimate that one *Times* correspondent is equal to sixteen rebels.

THE AMERICAN SQUADRON AT PORTSMOUTH.

The four vessels of the American Squadron arrived at Portsmouth on the morning of July 7, saluting the nation with twenty-one rounds and the Commander-in-Chief of the Port with seventeen, and being greeted by the customary return salute from the flag-ship and the land-batteries. The *Kearsarge*, concerning which the Kaiser got into tepid water recently, was moored by the South Railway jetty, the cruisers *Chicago* and *San Francisco* and the gun-boat *Machias* anchored in the stream. Courtesies were then exchanged between Admiral Sir Charles Hotham and Admiral Cotton.

THE LIBERTY BELL.

A good many years ago, when the King—then the Prince of Wales—visited Philadelphia, his Majesty, at his own request, was taken through the Independence Hall and shown the relics there treasured—the original copy of the Declaration of Independence (now at Washington), portraits of the various patriots, and many belongings of George Washington. "But where is the greatest relic of this important occasion," inquired the Prince, "the Liberty Bell?" The official guide was unable to answer the question. He had never seen the bell, and did not think it had escaped the junk-dealer. Finally an appeal was made for information to an old caretaker of the Hall, who said he believed the bell was stored away "somewhere up in the loft." When the King desires to see or do a thing it is seen and done. After climbing crooked stairways and steep dusty ladders, he saw revealed, through a veil of cobwebs, the tarnished relic of the Revolution. "I see they have cracked it getting it up here," said the official guide. "No," said the Prince; "it was cracked about one hundred years ago, and deserves a better resting-place than in an old lumber-room." The remarks of the King bore fruit, and now the Liberty Bell hangs under a glass case, the most cherished

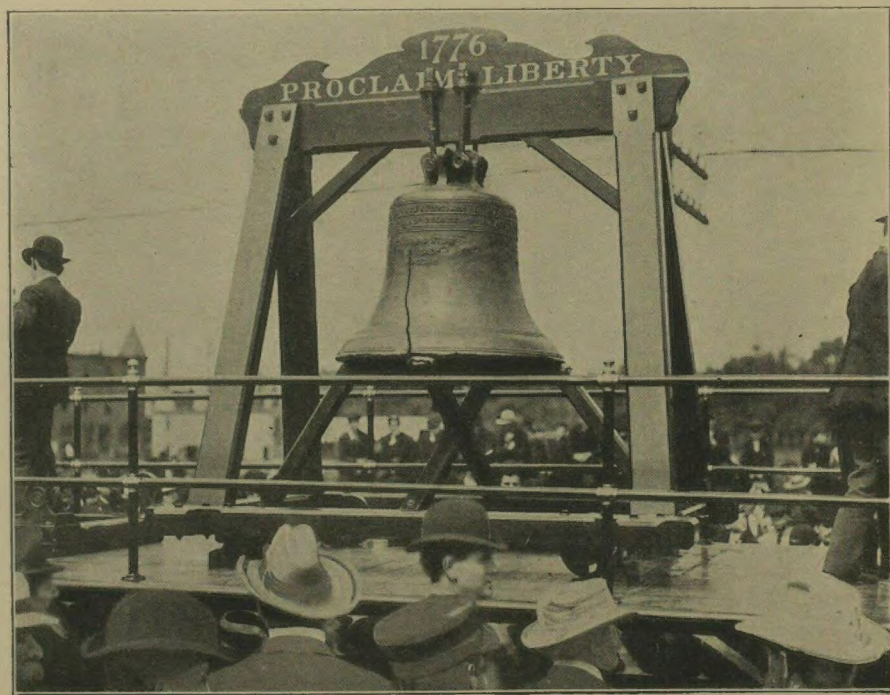


Photo. Adelpi Press Agency.

THE ANNIVERSARY OF BUNKER HILL: THE TRANSFERENCE OF "LIBERTY BELL" FROM PHILADELPHIA TO BOSTON FOR THE CELEBRATIONS.

relic of the Revolution. The citizens of Boston, Massachusetts, invited the Mayor of Philadelphia, an Englishman, late of Stourport, to bring the Liberty Bell to Boston to celebrate the anniversary of Bunker Hill; and it has helped to celebrate the anniversary of that Independence for which it rang on July 4, 1776.

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO THE FRENCH NATION: THE GUILDHALL BANQUET TO M. LOUBET.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. SPENCE.



Prince of Wales.

Lady Mayoress.

M. Loubet.

Lord Mayor.

Princess of Wales.

ROYAL AND CIVIC WELL-WISHERS OF FRANCE: THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE LORD MAYOR HONOURING THE TOAST OF M. LOUBET'S HEALTH.

At the banquet on July 7 Sir Marcus Samuel, Lord Mayor, in proposing the toast, concluded an eloquent eulogy of the French nation with the words: "It only remains for me to ask your Royal Highnesses, my Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen, to join with me in drinking to the good health of Monsieur Loubet, the President of the French Republic, and to beg him to convey to the French people the greetings of the British nation, which we are here assembled to express."

PRESIDENT LOUBET IN LONDON: THE VISIT TO THE FRENCH HOSPITAL.

DRAWN BY H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.



1. DR. VINTRAS, CHIEF OF THE MEDICAL STAFF OF THE HOSPITAL, PRESENTING THE ADDRESS TO THE PRESIDENT, JULY 7.

2. "LA CHARITÉ N'A PAS DE NATIONALITÉ": PRESIDENT LOUBET'S KIND SOLICITUDE FOR CORPORAL SCOVELL, OF THE ESCORT, WHO WAS INJURED BY THE FALL OF HIS HORSE.

Outside the hospital three horses of the Life Guards stumbled owing to the slippery roads, and a Corporal had his foot crushed by his charger's fall. He was carried into the hospital and surgically treated. In the ward the President visited him, and made the most kindly inquiries after his welfare, thus practically exemplifying the motto (quoted above) which the hospital displayed on a banner near the entrance.



"Then you must make it your business to like Sydney."

I.
"It is time to go home, Helen."
"Yes, Miss. The sun is over the spur of the range."

"I wish it would stop there. I hate it, don't you?"

"No, Miss, I do not hate the sun."

"Well, you know what I mean, girl, perfectly well. I don't mean that I hate the sun itself, but I hate to see it day after day, and feel it drying the flesh on one's bones, and turning one's face and hands browner and browner every day, and sapping all the life and energy out of one's spirit. You know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, Miss."

"Yes, Miss, and 'No, Miss'! How irritating you are to-day, Helen! If there is anything I detest, it is to have one's questions answered in monosyllables. It grates on my nerves. It is quite bad enough to sit here and listen to those wretched cattle-bells ding-donging all about us, without your making matters worse."

Helen turned her dark, beautiful face to her mistress, and moved back the sides of her coarse sun-hood with her brown shapely hands.

"I am sorry I have annoyed you, Miss."

Ida Lathom, a pretty, "dolly-faced" little woman of four-and-twenty, shook her yellow curls petulantly, and then leant back against the smooth bole of the tree under which they were sitting.

"I did not say you annoyed me, but I think you are very thoughtless. I have such a lot to put up with, and no one has the slightest feeling for or sympathy with me. I declare I might as well be a convict woman for all the consideration that is shown me."

The face of the girl to whom she spoke flushed deeply, then suddenly paled. But Ida Lathom took no heed. Her own petty troubles were far too important to her to allow what she called her mind to consider the effect of her ceaseless and rambling chatter. For a moment or two, however, she remained silent, immersed in the study of two beautiful white hands, covered with an unnecessary display of rings, and a frown puckered her fair brow as she discerned a tiny freckle on one of her knuckles.

"Why did you not remind me to put on my gloves, Helen? My hands will be positively hideous soon, with these detestable freckles, and stings from sandflies and mosquitoes."

"I did remind you, Miss," replied the girl in the same listlessly respectful monotone; "the sandflies have been very troublesome lately. That is why the cattle and horses keep shaking their bells so much. The sandflies get inside their ears."

"Bother the cattle and horses! Why can't they get rid of them in some other way than by clanging their horrible bells?"

Something like the faint flicker of a smile moved the girl's lips. "They do try very hard, Miss. There are always a number of them standing in the creek with only their heads out of the water. They stay there sometimes for many hours together. But the poor horses suffer most."

"What is the earthly use of telling me such silly things? I can't stand up to my chin in the creek all day, can I? But I might as well do that as live in this disgusting place. It's too bad of the Governor to send Captain Lathom here when he knows I am not strong."

The patient, wearied listener made no reply. For six months past—ever since she had come to Waringa Creek township with Captain and Miss



HELEN ADAIR



By LOUIS BECKE.

Illustrated by R. CATON WOODVILLE.

Lathom—she had heard the same complaint almost daily, sometimes made with sullen anger to Lathom himself, sometimes to the few visitors who came to the house, and always to Helen herself.

"Don't you hate the place?" asked Miss Lathom presently, in a more amiable though condescending tone to the girl. "Would you not be delighted

to go back to Sydney again, instead of living in this wretched bush?" She spoke with assumed carelessness, but the girl, who could sometimes read her mind as if she were a child of ten, knew well that behind the apparently simple question there lay a motive.

"I do not like the place, Miss; but I do not hate it."

"But you would like to go back to Sydney?" And Miss Lathom looked at her eagerly.

"No, Miss, I should not."

"You silly girl. Why not?" she persisted.

"I do not like the bush, Miss," was the cold reply; "but I like it better than I do Sydney."

"Then you must make it your business to like Sydney," said Miss Lathom, and her voice grew sharp. "I will not put up with likes or dislikes from—"

"From a convict, Miss."

"I did not say that. You are very rude to interrupt me when I am speaking, especially when I wish to confer a favour on you. But you must remember your position!"

"I can never forget it."

The words were uttered with a quiet dignity, and the dark eyes met Miss Lathom's so steadily that she felt slightly uncomfortable.

"Well, I'm sure I'm very good to you, Helen, and have done a great deal for you in many ways."

"For the kindnesses I have received from you, Miss, I am grateful," the girl answered slowly, though her whole passionate nature was in revolt when she thought of the daily bitterness and ignominies heaped upon her by the thoughtless, selfish creature who sat before her languidly fanning her face with a dainty Indian fan. But distinct as was her emphasis on the word "kindnesses," Miss Lathom did not detect it.

"Now, Helen," she went on, "as you have no doubt seen, Captain Lathom is very peculiar in his ways, and . . . but he really is very slow to understand things. But he has quite a high opinion of you—quite, I assure you. In fact, he has said so distinctly."

"Captain Lathom has always been most kind and considerate to all the convicts under his care, Miss."

"Quite so; he always seems to speak to you as if you were his social equal, and I am glad you appreciate it; but then, of course, you are much superior to the—the—"

"Other convict women, Miss."

"Exactly. And, of course, when you were assigned to us, I noticed that at once, and told Captain Lathom that I was sure, whatever your past character had been, you were quite superior in your manners and looks to the rest of the unfortunate creatures who came out in the *Julia*."

"I thank you, Miss"; and the girl's hands clenched together in her lap as she bent her head lower and set her teeth hard.

"Yes, indeed," resumed Miss Lathom complacently, "and Captain Lathom, at my especial request, and on account of my interest in you, managed to secure your assignment to us, although the Governor, who is an extremely vulgar man, in spite of his being a soldier and a supposed gentleman, was very averse to military officers having female convicts assigned to them as servants. Now, I am sure you feel grateful."

"I am grateful to Captain Lathom. He has made me feel that I am still a human being, and not a brute beast." Her dreary monotone did not change, though her frame was quivering from head to foot.

"How very strangely you talk, Helen! I am sure I do not consider you a 'brute beast.' Quite the reverse; and I am sure I have shown it on many occasions. Have I not?"

No answer came from the girl, beyond a mute inclination of the bowed head.

"Now, as I have said—or did I not say so? I quite forget, you interrupt me so—Captain Lathom really does not understand that I am ill—really ill—and thinks that there is no necessity for me to return to Sydney, when Dr. Haldane is 'only thirty miles away'—as if thirty miles were thirty yards! And I detest Dr. Haldane, with his bushy whiskers, and his horribly coarse voice, and vulgar manners, like all those East India Company men"; and she shuddered affectedly and looked at her companion's face. It betrayed neither interest nor sympathy.

"Well, as I told you, Helen, Captain Lathom has a very high opinion of you; for, of course, he has not failed to see how very attentive you are to me. And he thinks that you are absolutely truthful. Indeed, he has said as much."

"Captain Lathom has always been most kind and generous to me, Miss. It is not in his nature to be otherwise to anyone. Even the men in the chain-gang know that."

"The horrid creatures! Please don't talk about them. One of them threw a hammer at him once and tried to kill him, and yet he was so foolish as to overlook it instead of having the man sentenced to two hundred and fifty lashes—the minimum penalty."

The girl made no answer. She knew the story, and knew how the kindly hearted Lathom and the equally compassionate Surgeon Haldane had represented to the authorities that Convict No. — was mentally deranged, as was indeed the case, and so saved the unfortunate wretch a fearful punishment.

"As you say, he is very considerate and kind. Helen; and gives such a lot of attention to his official duties. But I am sure I can trust you, can I not?"

"I am a convict, Miss."

"How tiresome you are!" and the young lady's blue eyes flashed angrily; then in another moment she smiled sweetly.

"I want you to do something for me, Helen. I will reward you well for it."

"I do not wish for any reward, Miss. I shall be glad to serve you if it lies in my power to do so."

"How nicely you speak! Well, you *can* serve me. I want you to tell Captain Lathom that you are sure I am not at all strong, and ought to go away to Sydney. He is so strong himself that he cannot understand any one being weak and ill. And he would think seriously of it if you told him."

The darkening shadows of the day hid the smile of contempt on the girl's face. "It would be great presumption on my part, Miss, to speak to Captain Lathom on such a subject as your health."

"Of course it would—if I did not tell you to do so. But I wish you to do so."

"I will speak to him, Miss."

"That is right. I am sure you are a sensible girl, and will know exactly what to say. Now let us return to the house."

They walked slowly along the narrow, winding and dusty path that led from Captain Lathom's house to the bank of Waringa Creek. On each side of them was an endless vista of grey gum-trees, from the smooth round boles of which hung strips and patches of russet-hued bark, cracked and blistered by the summer sun. Presently they came to the outer paddock, a wide, grassless expanse of fifty acres, enclosed in a rough, three-railed fence of gum slabs, and entered by slip-rails. The girl stepped before her mistress, and lowered one end of the heavy rails for Miss Lathom to step over; then again fell behind to her usual distance.

Within the larger paddock was a smaller one, in which stood Captain Lathom's quarters and those of the five-and-twenty soldiers who formed the convict guard. Here, although the settlement had only been formed two years before, some cultivation had been effected, though the intense summer heat had given all the vegetation a parched-up appearance. A patch of an acre of maize, now fully ripened, and waiting to be pulled, still showed some vestige of green, and in and among the long row of stalks great grey and yellow pumpkins lay baking in the sun; beyond this, and directly in front of the house itself, was a flower-garden—Helen's particular care, and her solace and pleasure whenever she could escape from an almost continuous attendance on "the captain's niece."

The house itself was of good size and neat appearance. It was built of freestone, hewn by convict hands from the hated quarries, situated on the spur of the range, four miles away from the settlement. The roof was of shingles, and, though the building was but of one storey, the rooms were spacious, lofty, and cool; for a wide verandah encompassed it on four sides, and one end was entirely covered in with the dense dark-green foliage of a passion-fruit vine, trained from post to post. About a hundred yards away from the commandant's dwelling was that of his second in command, Lieutenant Willet; it was merely a two-roomed cottage, but solidly built of stone. In a line with the officers' houses were the soldiers' quarters—a rough, slabbed building with a bark roof; and the prisoners' "barracks," a low, long, strongly built stone edifice, with barred windows and a massive door, stood within a stone's throw of it.

Without the bounds of the "official," or, rather, military, portion of the settlement was the township,

which consisted of a determined attempt at a long and perfectly straight street, on either side of which were the houses and stores of free settlers and some emancipated convicts. One end of the street touched the bank of Waringa Creek, where a wharf had been built; the other was lost in a maze of giant gum-tree stumps not yet uprooted from the soil, which were to be seen extending right up to the edge of the bush, the said "bush" being a dense forest of huge blue gum, "black-butt," and tallow-wood trees, interspersed with a thick undergrowth of smaller trees; for the "street" followed the trend of the creek, and the soil was rich and moist from the thick alluvial deposit left upon it almost every year when the creek was in flood and overflowed its banks.

Miss Lathom stepped languidly up on the verandah, followed by Helen, and seated herself in a cane lounge placed near one of the green-painted French lights which opened into the dining-room.

"Go and see why the lamps are not lit," she said pettishly to Helen. "I hate coming into the house at dusk and finding it in darkness."

The girl stepped silently inside, and in a few minutes the dining-room lamp was lit, and sent a soft glow of light through the windows out upon the garden. Miss Lathom lay back in the lounge, her hands clasped behind her head. She was thinking of her uncle, and her mouth hardened. What if he again refused to let her return to Sydney? He had better not, she thought. He was so dense at seeing things, and did not understand that although she was his niece and ward, she was not a child. Well, he would have to understand that she was not going to waste her days in such a wretched spot as Waringa Creek, when she could be in Sydney enjoying herself. She was sick to death of his plans and schemes for the improvement of the settlement—frittering away his time when he could return to Sydney if he but chose to asked to be transferred. How delightful it would be to be back in Sydney once more and hear her name again: "The beautiful Miss Lathom," "Lathom's pretty niece is coming," "I am taking Miss Lathom for a ride," "You looked simply lovely last night"! She smiled to herself, and then wondered what Lieutenant Maurice Wray would say to her when she next met him.

"I'll write to him to-night, and tell him to expect me," she said aloud.

"When do you wish dinner, Miss?" said a rough-looking, coarse-faced woman, coming to the door.

"When Captain Lathom returns—no matter how late it is. Send someone to tell Sergeant Rush that I wish to see him. And tell Helen to come to me."

Helen was the first to arrive.

"You need not stay in, Helen," she said, with unusual graciousness. "Perhaps you would like to walk down to the creek and see if the boat is coming. I do not expect my uncle will be here till nine o'clock, and I know you are fond of the creek. I shall write a letter or two."

Helen thanked her, and at once put on her hood and went out. She loved to sit on the river-bank in the dusk of the evening and listen to the sounds of the night, away from the hateful surroundings of the grim and squalid settlement.

Presently a heavy footstep sounded on the verandah, and Sergeant Rush stood before the lady and saluted.

"Good-evening, sergeant. I want to know if there is anyone leaving here for Newcastle to-morrow."

"Yes, Miss. One of the Tucker boys is going there by road to try and buy some sugar. There is a Dutch ship just arrived from Batavia with a full cargo."

"Then tell him to call and see me. I want some letters posted for me."

"Yes, Miss." And again the soldier saluted, and then strode off to his quarters.

"Another letter for Mr. Maurice Wray, I'll be bound," said Sergeant Rush to himself. "I'd give a month's pay to see her caught."

For Sergeant Rush had once overheard Captain Lathom sternly forbidding her ever to have any further communication with Lieutenant Wray.

CHAPTER II.

As the girl walked slowly down the path, the outline of which could now only be discerned by the light of the stars, Captain Lathom's collie-dog came running after her, and thrust his cold nose against her hand with a whine of satisfaction. In his affections Helen came next to his master, and he knew that she understood him when he so often sat on the verandah steps, whining and gazing wistfully along the path after "the Captain," when the latter had told him with affected sternness to stay with his mistress, though to his mistress poor Russ was generally "an odious creature" who would insist on following his master about the house whenever he was at home.

"Come, Russ. We shall have a whole hour or more to ourselves."

The dog leaped ahead, and plunged into the under-
scrub in search of paddymelons or bandicoots, or some predatory iguana stealing through the thick carpet of dry leaves towards the settlers' fowl-houses.

The road to the wharf led in a straight line from the commandant's house, and showed like a riband of white through the dark vista of lofty trees on each side. It was ankle-deep in soft powdery dust, still warm even to the booted foot from the rays of a scorching Australian sun. At the verge of the bank, however, the dust ended, and gave place to a wide "corduroyed" path of rounded saplings, neatly levelled with a filling of small stones. Here, too, the prospect, even at night, was decidedly pleasant, for the vegetation was dense and luxuriant, and nearly all the trees growing near the water had their trunks enwrapped in masses of creepers—wild convolvulus, mulberry, and the climbing date, the sub-acid fruit of which were locally called "black-puddings"—and the air was filled with the rich perfume of many flowers and plants, for there is no truth in the so often quoted statement that in Australia the flowers "are without smell and the birds without song."

At the foot of the corduroyed road was the little jetty, and as Helen stepped down the bank she saw the figure

of Tim Doyle, an old "lifer." He was engaged in lighting a lantern that was placed on one of the jetty bollards.

"Good evening, Miss," he said in a rich Irish brogue. "Sure, an' I was just afther wondering if ye'd be coming down the night."

He limped—for he was very lame—towards her, carrying an empty box in one hand, and set it down for her to sit on.

"Thank you, Tim. It is a beautiful night, is it not?"

"It is that!" And the old man sat down on the wharf beside the girl and clasped his hands around his knees. A short clay pipe was in his mouth, and she could see that it was empty.

"Isn't your pipe alight, Tim?"

"It is not. Sorra a bit of tobacco have I seen this God's blessed day."

Helen laughed softly as she put her hand in her pocket and drew out a piece of strong rich twist-tobacco.

"I did not forget you, Tim."

Lathom always left a little pile of tobacco on the store-room shelves when he went to Sydney, and knew that Helen would distribute it wisely.

Tim took it eagerly and pressed it ecstatically to his nose. Then he delved his hand into the pocket of his coarse canvas jumper, drew out his knife, cut some tobacco, quickly filled his pipe, and lit it carefully with a long, ill-smelling, sulphurous wooden match, which he took from a round green paper box. He puffed with silent content for a few minutes, then took the pipe from his mouth and gazed up into the girl's face, and at the same moment the dog Russ came up and coiled himself contentedly at Helen's feet.

"'Tis the black spot of sorrow I see in your eye to-night," he said, with an inquiring and timid inflection in his husky old voice, as he looked into her face.

"I am a little tired, Tim; that is all. But I did not think I was showing it in my face."

"Tis your eyes, dear. Sure, an' it's meself that knows when they are dulled wid sorrow or bright wid joy."

"There is not much joy in my life, Tim. Neither is there in yours."

"Thru, darlin'. But it's God's will, and there's a hivin' above us."

Helen sighed. "Yes, Tim; I try to think of that. But I often wish that I were dead."

"Sure, dear, ye are but a slip of a girl yet, and death is a long way off from ye. 'Tis only an ould wreck like meself that should be thinkin' of death."

"You have had a hard life, Tim." She put out her hand, and placed it softly on the old man's head.

"A hard, bitter, cruel life, dear. An' yet I niver did any wan in God's wuruld any harm except loving me country and fightin' at Vinegar Hill. An' see me now! Just fifty-five years it is since I first saw the sun shinin' bright on the water av Carlingford Lough, and heard the sweet bleating of the mountain-sheep on Slieve Foy. God help me, but it's happy I'd be to-night av I cud but wanst more see my mother's bit av a cabin jist above the ould castle that bloody King John built in the days of Noah, or beyant, for that matter; for 'tis a terrible ould place."

Helen made no remark in reply, and Tim gazed wistfully upwards to her face. She knew the places of which he spoke, and yet, often as he had tried to get her to speak of her native land, she either changed the subject quickly or relapsed into silence.

"Listen, Tim," she said, raising her hand; "I think I can hear the boat coming."

The old man bent forward. "Aye, 'tis the boat, sure enough. She's just the other side av the long point, an' will be here in another quarter av an hour."

The point to which he referred stretched out from the left bank of the creek, and was within two miles of the junction with the river, which entered the Pacific many miles away at the Port of Newcastle, or Port Hunter, as it was more generally known. Although there was a very good dray road along the river-bank to the seaport, most of the settlers used boats as means of transport for their supplies, except after heavy rains, when such an enormous volume of water rushed seawards that it was quite impossible for boats or sailing-vessels to make headway against it, and steam-ships were unknown in those days in the Southern Seas.

"I can see her light now, Tim," said Helen presently.

"It is, sure enough, Miss"; and the old fellow hobbled off to the shore end of the jetty, where a bell was suspended from a post. He rang it loudly, and in a few minutes voices were heard, as the settlers came down the bank, and then a measured tramp, tramp, sounded on the corduroyed path, as Sergeant Rush and some of his men marched down to meet the commandant. Helen herself, having no wish to be detained on the jetty by some of the gossiping women who had come with their husbands to await the boat, slipped quietly away to one side, and sat down on the bank at a spot which gave her a good view.

"Keep quiet, Russ," she said to the collie, who could now hear his master's deep voice talking to the men in the boat, and was straining at her detaining hand on his collar; "you must wait till he comes ashore."

The boat was heavy and deeply laden with stores and supplies for the small garrison and the prisoners, as well as with some goods for some of the settlers. She was manned partly by soldiers and partly by good-conduct prisoners. Captain Lathom was the first to step out, his uniform soiled and crumpled.

"Good evening, sergeant," he said, returning Rush's salute, as he stood beside the lighted lamp. "Get the boat unloaded as soon as possible. She is leaking considerably, and I fear some of the meal may have become wetted. Then let the crew have their supper and turn in. We have had a very long and hard pull, for there has not been a breath of wind since we started. How is Mr. Willet?"

"Still confined to his bed, Sir."

Something like a frown passed over Lathom's face, but he made no remark. Lieutenant Willet's continued attacks of indisposition were becoming somewhat too frequent to please his superior, who surmised, correctly enough, that they were largely brought about by Mr.

Willet's inherent laziness and aversion to any exercise not necessarily connected with the performance of his military duties.

"There, Russ; you may go now," said Helen to the dog, as she saw Captain Lathom coming towards her. He was walking slowly and somewhat wearily, for he was quite as tired as his boat's crew with the long day on the river under a fierce sun.

The dog shot off from Helen's side, and in another instant was leaping upon his master, uttering short, sharp barks of delight, and then running round him in circles.

"Well, Russ, old fellow, how are you? Now, there, that will do, and don't make such a noise."

At the top of the rise he caught sight of Helen standing by the side of the path. "Is that you, Helen?" he asked.

"Yes, Sir."

"Miss Lathom quite well?" He never said "Your mistress" to her when he spoke of his niece, and for this simple consideration she was ever grateful.

"She has been complaining of the heat, Sir, and says she has not been feeling well all day, Sir."

Lathom nodded. "It has been a terribly hot day, indeed." He paused a moment or two. "Do you not want to go down to the boat, Helen?"

"No, Sir, unless there is anything I can bring to the house for Miss Lathom."

"Oh, there is no need for you to do that. Old Tim will bring up everything that is wanted to-night." Then he added, in his usual kindly tone, as he looked into her dark eyes, "I thought that you might like to talk to some of the settlers."

"No, thank you, Sir," she replied, as she fell back a little.

He nodded good-naturedly, and stepped out along the dusty road, and a few minutes later entered the house. His niece was awaiting him on the verandah.

"It has been such a dreadful day, uncle," she said, as he bent down and kissed her. "I am so glad you have come back. The heat has made me feel quite faint."

He made some sympathising remark, and then sat down wearily.

"You look tired," she said.

"I am — very tired, Ida. Shall I have time for a plunge in the creek before dinner?"

Miss Lathom smiled an assent. "Of course. Dinner will not be ready for half an hour yet."

Lathom went to his bed-room, took towels and a change of thin clothing, and, followed by the still excited Russ, slipped out into the starlight and made his way along the same narrow, winding path that had been traversed earlier in the day by his niece and Helen.

CHAPTER III.

At nine o'clock next morning Captain Lathom was breakfasting alone, Miss Lathom seldom rising until between ten and eleven o'clock. Russ sat beside his master's chair, patiently waiting for him to finish, when he knew he could accompany him on his usual round of inspection.

The captain's face wore a somewhat troubled expression, and as soon as the meal was over he rose wearily, and went on the verandah, where he paced to and fro for a quarter of an hour. Then catching sight of Helen, who was at work in the garden, he walked over to her.

"Good morning, Helen," he said; "what are those plants you are covering over with bushes?"

"Young passion-fruit, Sir. There are only eight or nine, and I always shade them as soon as the sun begins to get too strong. I promised old Tim six of them to

plant round the stables, where the soil is very rich and deep. When they grow up in a few years they will cover the whole roof, and make the stables very cool."

"A few years is a long time to look forward to," said Lathom, with a good-natured smile. "By the way, Helen, you have not been at all well lately, I hear."

She looked up astonished. "I am very well, Sir, thank you. I am never ill."

"Oh, Miss Lathom told me last night that she was sure you were far from well, but did not like to say so."

Helen's face flushed, but she made no answer. "You see," he went on, "this is a peculiar climate, and one must be a little careful, though I never imagined

"Ah! yes; I remember now that you were very anxious to—to be assigned to Major Cartwright at Port Macquarie. Why did you wish to go there? It is a very pretty place, but the country round about is still very unsettled. Do you know Major Cartwright's family?"

"No, Sir," she replied, with such evident constraint that, seeing his questions were causing her some distress, he pursued the subject no longer.

"Well, you must take good care of Miss Lathom, Helen. I have a great deal of confidence in you; you know that, do you not?"

"Thank you, Sir. You do me great honour."

The captain effected not to hear the low, murmured remark as he walked away towards the stables.

"Poor girl," he said to himself; "I wonder what

is her real story? And what on earth made her pass counterfeit money? There is no more of the criminal instinct in her than there is in me! An educated, refined girl like her descend to the practice of downright rascality! Absurd! And yet she was not only proved guilty, but admitted her guilt! Hang me if I can understand it. I wish she would confide in me."

As he came to the stables his meditations were cut short by seeing old Tim conversing with a mounted man, whom he recognised as Dr. Haldane's servant.

"Where is the doctor, Hawley?"

Hawley, a fine stalwart young man (formerly a private in a dragoon regiment) saluted, and handed Lathom a note. "He is coming, Sir. I was just bringing this to the house, Sir."

Lathom opened the note, and read it, and in an instant an angry expression clouded his face, and something like an oath escaped his lips.

"Very well, Hawley. Put your horse in the paddock—the doctor will be staying here to-night." Then he turned on his heel, and walked towards Lieutenant Willet's quarters.

"What's the matter with the captain at all, at all?" asked old Tim of the doctor's servant.

Hawley's sunburnt face relaxed into a smile. "Did you hear him swearing under his breath? Well, that is just the very thing that the doctor said—and a good deal more beside—when he got a note last night. 'Twas from the parson. He sent it to say that he had heard the doctor was going over to Waringa to see Captain Lathom, and that he would come with him. The fat-faced old hog dined and slept at our place last night, and the doctor was as grumpy as a bear. He gave me a note last night, and told me to start off at daylight with it for Captain

Lathom. The captain don't like the parson, I think."

"Like him!" and old Tim's withered features, as he spat on the ground, expressed the deepest contempt; "how cud a gentleman, born an' bred, like a baste like him? Bad luck an' an evil ind to all such flogging devils as the Reverend Joseph Marsbin. Sure, an' his name makes me mouth dirty when I spake it." And again he spat on the ground.

"He's got no liking for you Irishers, that's certain," said Hawley sympathetically. He was himself an emancipated convict, having been "sent out" for mutiny, and therefore had no hesitation in speaking freely to the old man. Neither was there any love lost between the ex-dragoon and the clergyman, for the latter had an unpleasant way of letting even an emancipist know that he (the Rev. Joseph Marsbin) had an intimate knowledge of official documents concerning the names of prisoners and their offences, dating from the very earliest days of the colony. And there was nothing he liked better than to make use of his knowledge at very uncomfortable moments.

(To be continued.)



"Aye, 'tis the boat, sure enough."

that there was anything wrong with you. Would you like to see Dr. Haldane? He is coming here to-day."

"No, thank you, Sir. I am quite well indeed. I do not feel the heat like Miss Lathom. She has complained very much lately."

Lathom nodded. Then he said, "She has had several fainting fits of late, she tells me. Why did you not let me know of this?"

Again the girl's face flushed deeply, and she felt an almost irresistible desire to cry out, "It is false. She is deceiving you, and asked me to help her in her deceit." But she bent her head and said nothing.

"I am sorry you did not tell me," went on Lathom gravely, "for I never imagined that there was really anything wrong with her health. Now I can see that there is, and as she thinks that she will get better in Sydney, I am sending her down there for a few months. You will, of course, accompany her. She tells me you are very anxious to go."

"I should like to be near the sea again, Sir, although I do not like Sydney."

THE UNIVERSITY CRICKET MATCH AT LORD'S.

SKETCHES BY RALPH CLEAVER.



ECHOES FROM THE CROWD.

The match, which was played on July 2, 3, and 4, resulted in a victory for Oxford by 268 runs. At the opening of the third day's play Cambridge had a hopeless task, as they had five wickets down for 98, and were 315 behind.

THE GORDON - BENNETT RACE: THE FINISH.

DRAWN BY PERCY F. SPENCE.



THE WINNER, M. JENATZY (REPRESENTING GERMANY), ON A MERCEDES CAR, FINISHING UNDER THE GRAND STAND AT BALLYSHANNON.

The official return gave M. Jenatzy's time for the 370 $\frac{3}{4}$ miles of the course as 6 hours 39 minutes, excluding all stoppages at controls. The winner's racing times thus average 49 $\frac{1}{4}$ miles an hour.

THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: SCENES ON THE COURSE.



THE FAILURE OF WINTON TO START: WINTON EXAMINING HIS MACHINERY.
[Photo. Lawrence.]

THE WINNER, JENATZY, STARTING.—[Photo. Lafayette.]

STOCKS' CAR SMASHED IN A FIELD NEAR GORTEEN BRIDGE.—[Photo. Bacon.]
THE "PEERLESS" BREAKDOWN AT ATHY.—[Photo. Lawrence.]
THE METHOD OF KEEPING THE MACHINE COOL: WATERING DE CATERS' CAR AT ATHY CONTROL.
[Photo. Lafayette.]

THE GORDON-BENNETT RACE: SCENES ON THE COURSE.



JARROTT'S CAR AFTER THE ACCIDENT.—[Photo. Finnegan.]

EDGE LEAVING ATHY CONTROL.—[Photo. Lafayette.]

THE WINNER, JENATZY, MOUNTING ARDSCULL HILL.—[Photo. Lawrence.]

JARROTT AT FULL SPEED.—[Photo. Townley.]

DE KNYFF (SECOND IN THE RACE) IN THE ATHY CONTROL.
[Photo. Lawrence.]

DOVER'S REJOICING OVER M. LOUBET'S VISIT.

DRAWN BY C. DE LACY, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT DOVER.



DOVER ILLUMINATED ON THE NIGHT OF THE PRESIDENT'S ARRIVAL, JULY 6.

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO THE FRENCH NATION: PRESIDENT LOUBET IN LONDON.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



Duke of Connaught.

Duke of Cambridge. Prince of Wales.

THE MONARCHY GREETES THE REPUBLIC: THE KING WELCOMING PRESIDENT LOUBET AT VICTORIA STATION, JULY 6.

As the President alighted, the King advanced to meet his guest and grasped his hand cordially, retaining it for several seconds in a most affectionate greeting. After various presentations, the King conducted M. Loubet to the State carriage, in which they drove together to York House.



ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO THE FRENCH NATION: PRESIDENT LOUBET'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON, JULY 6: THE HEAD OF THE REPUBLIC AND KING EDWARD PASSING DOWN ST. JAMES'S STREET.

DRAWN FROM THE DEVONSHIRE CLUB, BY S. BEGG.

The President was accompanied in the carriage by King Edward, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught. Amid cordial demonstrations of welcome from a large concourse of people, M. Loubet drove along decorated streets from Victoria to York House, where he resided as King Edward's guest during his stay in London.

PRESIDENT LOUBET'S VISIT TO LONDON: A FRENCH WELCOME.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.
M. Delcassé.



M. Mercadier.

M. M. Duché.

M. Cambon (Ambassador). M. Loubet.

THE PRESENTATION OF AN ADDRESS AT THE EMBASSY BY THE FRENCH COLONY.

The address was presented by M. M. Duché, President of the French Chamber of Commerce in London. All the leading Frenchmen resident in London attended, and at the close of the ceremony M. Loubet distributed decorations. Among those created Officer of the Legion of Honour was M. Mercadier, for his services in aid of French charities. Our Artist, M. A. Forestier, received the Silver Palm of the Academy.

A GREAT PROMOTER OF ANGLO-FRENCH FRIENDSHIP.



OUR RECENT GUEST: M. ÉMILE LOUBET, PRESIDENT OF THE FRENCH REPUBLIC.

Émile Loubet, the friend of Kings and Emperors, is a son of the soil. Born at Marsanne, near Montélimar, in 1838, he embraced the educational opportunities France offers to her youth, studied law, entered politics, became President of the Senate, and was chosen for his sheer integrity to succeed M. Félix Faure in 1899. His election was unpopular, but he has lived down obloquy, and is regarded as one of the foremost peacemakers of Europe.

NEW NOVELS AND OLD LETTERS.

Beggar's Manor. By R. Murray Gilchrist. (London: Heinemann. 7s.)
London Roses. By Dora Greenwell McChesney. (London: Smith, Elder. 6s.)
The Wizard's Aunt. By Janet Laing. (London: Dent. 4s. 6d.)
The Squire's Granddaughters. By Rosa Mulholland Gilbert. (London: Burns and Oates.)
Conrad in Quest of His Youth. By Leonard Merrick. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
Elizabeth's Children. (London: John Lane. 6s.)
Before the Dawn. By Joseph A. Altsheler. (London: Hutchinson. 6s.)
Stay-at-Homes. By L. B. Walford. (London: Longmans, Green. 6s.)
The Composite Lady. By Thomas Cobb. (London: Chapman and Hall.)
Life on the "Baltic," and Shipping Idylls for Shipping Idlers. By "Baltico." (London: Ward, Lock. 3s. 6d.)
Letters of a Diplomat's Wife: 1883 to 1900. By Mary King Waddington. Illustrated from Drawings and Photographs. (London: Smith, Elder. 10s. 6d.)

In the construction and writing of "Beggar's Manor" Mr. Murray Gilchrist exhibits at least two examples of literary dexterity: he succeeds in avoiding the apparently unavoidable by providing his novel with a happy ending; and he makes a painfully sordid story of domestic infelicity and infidelity entertaining and inoffensive. Few, on reading the book, would credit the possibility of all ending well after Charles Babington, having quite innocently compromised Emma Lovekin, a country girl with the instincts and manner of a courtesan, has married her, in spite of his love for the gentle Annabella Spurr, and is living the life of a disappointed, shamed, and miserable man. Fewer still, perhaps, would believe that the discussion and description of such a state of affairs in detail could be other than dull or squalid. Mr. Gilchrist, however, has woven into the ugly fabric of his plot the golden and beautifying thread of romance and the lightening thread of humour, and as a result his story of the turbulent course of Charles' and Annabella's true love does not for a moment flag. There is in it, too, a pleasant old-time flavour that harmonises faultlessly with its theme and location. The characters are all naturally drawn, boldly and yet with fine shading, and all fill useful places in the scheme of the narrative. Charles Babington; Tobias Mozart Spurr, a cheerful lover of the minor key; Emma Lovekin the designing, and Tom, her amorous cousin; Annabella; Mrs. Swift; old Lovekin; and the "Seven Sleepers" of the Manor are admirable. The characterisation, indeed, is as excellent as the handling of the plot.

Probably some of Miss McChesney's admirers will be disappointed when they lay down "London Roses." But although the writer has undoubtedly done better work, her story is by no means without charm. Nowhere are roses more welcome than in London, and our two heroines, drawn from opposite types though they are, are both fresh and unspoiled, and free from any tinge of worldliness. Una, indeed, is so "other-worldly" that it is something of a relief when her lover brings her down from the clouds and infuses into her an element of humanness, lacking before. Miss McChesney has a regard for the niceties of speech, and her story is clearly told, albeit there is something in it of aloofness; the bookish element is strong, and sometimes it is merely guide-bookish; but undoubtedly she has succeeded in reproducing the atmosphere of the British Museum, and in presenting to the life some of the workers who frequent its precincts. Of actual plot there is very little; the characters meet and re-meet in a haphazard sort of way that has the charm of seeming natural, and they talk in an easy way that is by no means always interesting. The American girl is less amusing than Miss McChesney intended we should find her, and even her kitten, "America-my-country-'tis-of-thee," palls after two or three appearances. It is true that towards the close things move more swiftly. Stephen goes to the war in South Africa, a manuscript is stolen from the British Museum, and everyone is in trouble, more or less. But the end is peace, and for this also we thank the author.

"The Wizard's Aunt" is farce, pure and simple, and although it is evident that Miss Janet Laing scarcely realises her limitations, her work is by no means without merit. The book, indeed, opens with a collection of superfluous letters from which the "perspicacious and attentive reader" is expected to evolve some meaning. We venture to think that this is a mistake: of all forms of literary effort the letter style is the most maddening to the average reader, and in the present instance the whole thing could have been expressed in a couple of pages. The grievance does not end with the prologue, for Miss Laing's story is throughout interlarded with long-winded explanatory epistles. Even the limits of farce are occasionally exceeded, as in the case of the musical genius—whom the reader is evidently expected to take seriously—whose main diversion, when he is not walking about in a macintosh two sizes too large, is the turning of cart-wheels! But when all is said and done there is still something for which the reader should be thankful: a plot of considerable ingenuity, characters numerous and diverse, who fly nimbly to and fro between the Hook of Holland and the east coast of Scotland, and, in conclusion, a spirited and dramatic tableau, in which everyone gets his deserts. Some day, doubtless, Miss Laing will give us something in which her knowledge of the Scots tongue and character will be displayed to more advantage.

"The Squire's Granddaughters" is a fair sample of its kind. Lady Gilbert, better known to her readers as Miss Rosa Mulholland, is a mistress in her own department: if she deals with conventional vices and virtues, she at least does her work skilfully, and contrives to stimulate the reader's interest by administering sensation, at first in homœopathic doses, which are gradually increased as the story develops. The heroine is of the "peerless" type, and the hero is cast in a corresponding

mould. When the story opens they are already affianced, and it is easy to see that the interest will lag if the course of true love is allowed to run smoothly. Lady Gilbert knows this just as well as we do; and to provide against such a calamity, enter two villains, one lover, one treacherous girl, and all the usual accompaniments. Result: Noble sentiments on both sides, high-minded misunderstanding, and growing estrangement. The excitement reaches a pitch when the Squire, who is an elderly Frenchman closely connected with a secret society, and who has only come into his present position through the will of an erratic old lady, is sent to Russia to murder a prince. His granddaughter discovers his secret, and the natural consequence is not hard to foresee. More than this we refuse to say; the reader must peruse Lady Gilbert's pages for himself—or, more likely, for herself; and for holiday reading a girl might easily do worse; for in addition to the sensational developments indicated above, this story has other and more pleasing aspects.

It can be said of Mr. Leonard Merrick's novel, "Conrad in Quest of His Youth," that it starts off with a fresh theme and contrives to be entertaining to the end. Contrives, we say; for the entertainment does not spring from an efficient working-out of the theme, but comes in spite of the author's failure to handle it to advantage. At seven-and-thirty, Conrad Warrener, by his aunt Tryphena's will, is left lord of himself, and free to take those flights which hitherto "sordid conditions" have made impossible for him. While tied to his desk in a colony, his mind had flown out of the official window to "places across the sea where he had been young and sanguine and infinitely glad"; and now he is at liberty to revisit these places and to attempt the capture of the Past. His sentimental adventures in Paris and at Sweetbay and Tooting spring properly, as well as amusingly, from the situation. But when Mrs. Barchester-Bailey and Hyperion Terrace are left behind, the book takes a fresh turn, as if a new vein had suddenly opened up before the author. Of this we have no particular reason to complain. The succeeding chapters are even more amusing (as they are also more hazardous) than the earlier. Moreover, some semblance of a moral or a philosophy (call it what you will) is squeezed out of the incidents connected with Lady Darlington, a music-hall "star" married into the aristocracy, who has a temperament similar to Conrad's own. Through her he makes his and the author's great discovery that a man is young as often as he falls in love. But neither this nor the entertaining steps by which we are brought to it can blind us to the fact that Mr. Merrick has missed an opportunity, and failed very badly in the construction of his story.

Many years ago a witty American named Harberton wrote a story called "Helen's Babies," which recited the sufferings of a bachelor who had temporary charge of a couple of lively youngsters, one of whom was very fond of playing with a watch on the plea that he wanted "to see wheels go wound." This book had an immense vogue, and "want to see wheels go wound" was a welcome quotation in countless circles. "Elizabeth's Children" is simply a gross plagiarism from Mr. Harberton. There are three little French boys, Elizabeth having married a Frenchman, and they speak broken English, and they are mischievous, and affectionate, and pious. How freely the author has borrowed from several sources may be guessed from one incident. It has to do with praying. One little French boy prays in this style: "Please God, bless all de persons in de world, and please 'scuse me to-night from yours 'cerely, Renaud Alphonse du Pierre, because I'm ver sleepy, God. Amen." This is an unblushing adaptation of several well-known anecdotes. But the whole work is unblushing save the title-page, where the author has the modesty not to put his or her name.

Why is it that American writers consistently refuse to spell properly? If their own countrymen really prefer to have their teeth set on edge by these vagaries, the English edition might at least be corrected. "Offense" is bad enough; but when, in "Before the Dawn," Mr. Joseph Altsheler writes "vise" for vice, we feel that he is exceeding all reasonable limits. Beyond this we have little fault to find with Mr. Altsheler's historical romance, which, if it is not positively in the front rank, is at least deserving of a high place in the second. There is not a dull line from cover to cover—an expression often used with little justification, but we venture to use it because in the present instance it happens to convey the truth. It is perhaps even more to the point to add that there is scarcely an ill-written line. Mr. Altsheler writes with simplicity and directness, and without the smallest attempt at phrase-making; his characterisation is good, and he has had sense enough to make the main interest of his story personal rather than historical. It would seem, not unnaturally, that American writers find an unfailing source of inspiration in the long war between the North and the South: paper enough to cover a battlefield has been written over by industrious pens, and it would still appear that there remains something new to be said. Mr. Altsheler is a worthy scribe, if only in the sense that what he has written seems worth while. If distance lends enchantment, it would appear also to lend impartiality. "Before the Dawn" is written without bias, and it loses nothing thereby.

The author of "Mr. Smith: A Part of His Life," of "The Baby's Grandmother," and of "A Stiff-Necked Generation" has a right to the respectful and even to the affectionate consideration of both reviewer and reader. If "Stay-at-Homes" was a first novel, it might be said to show a certain grasp of character and promise, but read as the work of Mrs. L. B. Walford, the story shows so amazing a falling off from her old standard that one finds it difficult to understand how she can have cared to republish in volume form a story probably written with a view to serial publication. "Stay-at-Homes"—and sad

that it should be so—might be the work of some young writer who, admiring Mrs. Walford's early work, not wisely but too well, all unconsciously set herself to caricature her favourite author's mannerisms. We have here the group of sisters which has often appeared to such excellent purpose in Mrs. Walford's earlier stories, and an unpleasant, highly born mother, so like and yet so unlike, the Lady Caroline of "A Stiff-Necked Generation"; last, not least, we have here also the familiar vulgar little married woman, and the noble-hearted, rather thick-witted hero, who is destined in the last chapter to be made happy ever after. But the characters, in spite of there being here and there a touch of Mrs. Walford's best manner, are but puppets, or perhaps we should say but the ghosts of former living creations of the writer's own; while the plot, if plot it can be called, turns on too improbable a situation to carry conviction even to the youngest novel-reader. County society is often very snobbish, but not so snobbish and so innocent as Mrs. Walford would have us think. In a word, "Stay-at-Homes" is rather a book a daughter might recommend to her mother than a mother to a daughter. Its chief claim to consideration is its extreme propriety. It gives an essentially low view of English human nature.

Mr. Cobb is a pleasant story-teller who has no great respect for the public intelligence. "The Composite Lady" asks us to believe that a young man with fifteen thousand a year would make such an ass of himself as Lucas Parmenter. As a rule, it is the penniless youth who is silly in novels. That is part of his birthright. On nothing per annum he may claim our charity for his follies; but an income such as Lucas Parmenter's makes it intolerable that he should fall in love with a portrait at the Royal Academy which has been painted from three women, and should shilly-shally from one to another, and eventually marry the best of them. The only credible incident in the story is the payment Parmenter has to make for his idiotic philandering with the model who furnished part of its charm to the Academy picture. This amusement costs him six thousand pounds. Moreover, it excites very natural disgust in the mind of the artist's sister, who is eventually selected by the booby for his crowning act of patronage. She consents to marry him; but it is indecent to suppose that she cares a straw for anything save his fifteen thousand a year. How Mr. Cobb can narrate this affair with gravity we cannot imagine.

"Life on the 'Baltic,' and Shipping Idylls for Shipping Idlers," originally appeared in a journal, and, we can believe, afforded a passing amusement to the readers of that paper. They would be able to penetrate the thin disguises—even we can see that they are very thin in some cases—in which well-known owners and brokers figure in these pages; and the technicalities and the jargon of the "House"—it is the old "Baltic" that is here depicted—would present no difficulty to them or to others belonging to what, no doubt, are known as "shipping circles." But we think that these sketches might very well have been buried in the newspaper files. It may be, of course, that for the special public we have referred to they have a value which justifies their republication in a more permanent form; but, if so, it is undiscoverable by us, as, we venture to predict, it will be by the general reader.

The collection of letters, written by the brilliant American lady who was for so many years mistress of the French Embassy in London, rival in interest, and far surpass in good taste and good feeling, the famous correspondence of the Princess Lieven. To the British reader and to the student of recent English history they are particularly noteworthy as giving a straightforward, and obviously perfectly honest, impression both of our late Sovereign, as she appeared in intimate relation with the diplomatic corps, and also of our present King and Queen. For both Edward VII. and his gracious Consort it is easy to see Madame Waddington cherishes real affection and respect, and in contemporary autobiographical literature there are few more touching passages than those in which the French Ambassador's wife described her farewell interview with the then Princess of Wales, an interview which took place not long after the death of the Duke of Clarence. "She was still in deep plain black, with no ornaments. She was charming, with the sweet simple manner she always has. Tears came into her eyes when she said she had not seen me for so long on account of her mourning. . . I did not say a word to the Princess about Prince Eddy (they told me not to), only just as we were going I said I hoped that the end of the year would bring her happiness and blessing. She squeezed my hand, and her lips quivered, but she could not speak." Seven years later, when Madame Waddington came back to England, she was received most kindly by the Prince and Princess, the latter arranging for her to see Queen Victoria, then at Osborne. Very curious and characteristic is the account of that interview with our late Sovereign. "Her eyes were blue and clear, and her memory and conversation quite the same. She spoke at once (so moderately) of the caricatures and various little incidents that had occurred in France. I said I was very glad to have the opportunity of telling her that everybody in France, except for a few hot-headed Radicals and anti-English, was most indignant at such gratuitous insults not only to a Queen, but to a woman. She said she quite understood that. . . 'But my children and my people feel it very deeply.'" Most vivid and also full of extremely interesting matter is that portion of the volume which deals with M. Waddington's stay in Russia as Ambassador Extraordinary at the coronation of the late Emperor Alexander III. No published account of the last Russian crowning can compare with these simply written pages, particularly well-indicated being the feeling of profound terror and fear with which the whole of the diplomatic world was then instinct. It is to be hoped that Madame Waddington will also publish her impressions of the Congress of Berlin, attended in 1878 by M. Waddington as Plenipotentiary of France.

THE LIFE OF A LYDDITE SHELL.



Lyddite, the explosive which did so much damage recently at Woolwich, has been known as picric acid to chemists since 1771, and for over a hundred years was used for dyeing silk and wool. A warehouse fire in Lancashire spread to a shed containing the compound; a startling explosion took place; and the possibilities of picric acid as a weapon of destruction became apparent. After a series of experiments at the Royal Laboratory at Woolwich, a method of utilising it in shells was devised, and the first firing of these shells took place at Lydd. The missiles took their name from that ancient borough which sits on the spur of Dungeness. In our Illustrations will be seen the life of a Lyddite shell from the moment it is gently lifted from the ammunition-wagon until it has buried itself in the earth and thrown up debris for thirty yards round.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XXVI.: BRITISH GUIANA.

DRAWN BY R. CAION WOODVILLE.



THE MARCH OF THE BRITISH TROOPS THROUGH THE SWAMPS OF THE ESSEQUIBO RIVER, BRITISH GUIANA.

Guiana, visited by Raleigh, who believed in the possible wealth of the country, if not in the fabled golden city of Manoa, was first held as a trading outpost by the Dutch. Britain made various efforts to seize it; but, excepting Rodney's capture of Demerara, Essequibo, and Berbice, did not succeed in the project of annexation until 1803, when the possession came as the prize of naval supremacy.

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"**ANTIPON**," the new permanent cure for corpulence, takes immediate rank amongst the greatest triumphs of modern science. It solves, once and for all, the question of the radical cure of obesity, one of the most troublesome of diseases—sometimes one of the most dangerous, owing to the constant menace of what is known as fatty degeneration of the heart.

This marvellous specific supplies medical men and the public with a *strengthening* remedy for over-stoutness; as opposed to the harmful and exhausting, but never permanent, remedies hitherto employed. These so-called cures necessitated starving the body and undermining the constitution by cathartics, sweating, etc. To such crude and painful methods "Antipon" is diametrically opposed.

"Antipon" has a special action of its own. Whilst rapidly destroying and eliminating the excessive fat, both internal and subcutaneous, it acts at the same time as a wonderful tonic, increasing strength and vitality, bracing up the nervous system, and giving back the energy and buoyancy of youth.

"Antipon" promotes a healthy, natural desire for wholesome food, strengthens the digestive organs, and assists assimilation and nutrition. By thus perfecting the digestion it prevents a waste accumulation of fatty matter in the system. It also prevents a sluggish circulation by keeping the blood (enriched by the increased amount of nourishment) in a normal and healthy condition, so that the waste matter in the system is properly eliminated instead of being deposited by the blood in the tissues. Briefly, the great loss of weight in unhealthy fat deposits is met by an increase of sound muscular tissue, greater nerve-force, more sustained brain-power, not to speak of the more regular functional activity of the vital organs.

The reductive capabilities of "Antipon" can be proved within a day and night of taking the first dose.

From eight ounces to three pounds is the loss of weight in ordinary cases. Thereafter the daily diminution is sure and steady until complete cure. With the attainment of normal weight, elegance of figure, nicely proportioned limbs and improved facial outlines, the doses of "Antipon" may cease. No drastic rules as to food and drink are required; the improved appetite may be satisfied without stint.

"Antipon," a pleasantly tart liquid, contains no mineral or other harmful substances. The ingredients, independently investigated by several expert medical men, have been cordially approved, and sound practical tests have confirmed them in the opinion that "Antipon" fulfils all that is claimed for it. "Antipon" gives new life as well as a return to a beautiful shape. Without perfect health there is no physical beauty, and in giving back the one "Antipon" assures the other. Permanent elegance and sounder health are the priceless gifts conferred by a short and economical and pleasant course of "Antipon."

"ANTIPON" CAN BE HAD OF CHEMISTS, STORES, &c., PRICE 2s. 6d. AND 4s. 6d. PER BOTTLE, FROM STOCK OR ON ORDER, OR, SHOULD ANY DIFFICULTY ARISE, MAY BE OBTAINED (ON SENDING CASH REMITTANCE), POST FREE, UNDER PRIVATE PACKAGE, DIRECT FROM THE SOLE MANUFACTURERS—THE "ANTIPON" COMPANY, 13, BUCKINGHAM STREET, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

Enthusiastic Welcome by the British Press.

Illustrated London News, March 21, 1903.

"Everyone seems to know instinctively when one has too much or too little flesh upon one's bones, and the time comes to many when the burden becomes oppressive and causes alarm. To such sufferers 'Antipon' should prove advantageous, because it not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

The Sketch, May 13, 1903.

"'Antipon' is not merely a temporary fat-reducer; it goes to the root of the complaint. This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes, as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

Methodist Recorder, March 12, 1903.

Penny Illustrated Paper, March 7, 1903.

"It is satisfactory to know that the new cure, 'Antipon,' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

"In 'Antipon,' the great new permanent cure for corpulence, the world is made richer by a marvellous discovery. Cures, or so-called cures, which purged and sweated the patient into a state of decline are of the past. 'Antipon' is something of a diametrically opposite nature; for whilst it is gradually absorbing and ejecting the gross deposits of superfluous fat, it increases muscular strength and helps to revitalise the nervous system."

"Readers troubled with *embonpoint* will find in 'Antipon' a reliable and permanent cure, exceedingly pleasant to take, and, being a powerful fat absorbent, it dissolves and eliminates from the body all superfluous adipose, both the internal fat and the subcutaneous. It also forms a strength-giving tonic, improves the appetite, assists digestion, and tones up the whole system, without the sufferer incurring any distressing restrictions as to diet."

Weldon's Ladies' Journal, May 1903.

"Thanks to 'Antipon,' a new preparation which bids fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned, anyone, however stout he or she may be, can look forward with perfect confidence to a speedy and lasting cure of the disease."

"'Antipon' increases strength and vitality in a marvellous manner. The truth is that the new permanent cure for corpulence is a grand tonic which promotes a healthy appetite and greater powers of digestion. This means that while the reduction of fat is proceeding at the rate of so much a day, the body is receiving increased support in the way of food, the blood is being enriched, new muscular tissue formed, and the nervous system reinvigorated. Best of all, perhaps, the cure is permanent."

Many other papers have published equally laudatory notices.

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SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

SENSE AND SCIENCE.

A day or two ago I was perusing one of Huxley's lucid essays wherein he discusses the Berkeleyian philosophy. He refers to the fundamental proposition of the Bishop, which is to the effect that the outer world is really for each of us what each makes it. It is, in other words, a universe that is relative to our senses, to the perfection thereof, and to the degree of culture of the sensorium which is the ultimate court of appeal in the matter of knowledge. The colour-blind man, for example, must possess a very different conception of the grass and other objects from the person whose intimate eye-structures are of normal type. A man born blind and to whom sight is ultimately given, has to correct impressions of many kinds he has formed in his mind of the world and the things thereof. Even the artist's productions appeal to us in very different degrees, just as the art of the musician may be interpreted variously by diverse minds. The delicious symphony which entrances the music-lover is a meaningless thing in all its beauty to the person of lesser culture, to whom, indeed, it may present itself as an almost discordant jangle.

Very true is it that all things in this world are relative when all is said and done; and if we admit so much, then there is every reason to hold that, as it is a moral duty to make the most and the best of the fair world we live in, it must be a moral exercise to cultivate the senses, which are the veritable windows of the soul within. This topic leads us very naturally and easily in other directions of thought. For example, we are led to inquire into the limitations of our senses, and also into the question of the possibility of our extending their range through the aids of science, as, naturally, we might pass to an inquiry regarding the senses of our lower neighbours, and seek to learn something of their special extent and powers. There are many persons other than students of purely physical science to whom the possibility of our discovering and investigating worlds whose bourne is at present marked strongly enough presents a fascination easy to understand. Readers of Mr. Myers' recently published work will understand what I mean here. The survival of human personality after death, and the possibility of evidence being afforded of such continuance of individuality, are matters which, apart from table-turning tricks and the manipulations of mediums, will always possess the strongest attraction for speculative philosophy. If there exist a world or sphere beyond the reach of our present sense-development, whence evidence of persistent personality could be obtained, how eagerly would we welcome the knowledge that would aid our eyes, ears, and understanding, and settle some of the problems that are at present behind the veil.

That which modern science, however, is accomplishing, often with remarkable rapidity, as discovery follows discovery, takes the direction of an actual enlargement of our sensory powers. It so chanced that just after I had read Huxley's essay, I came across a very instructive paper which practically dealt with this latter aspect of the subject. In this paper the writer discusses the extension of our sensory powers, which recent years have seen revealed by investigations that have led to new views regarding the composition of matter and the nature of the energy that dominates it. Nobody, he remarks, can doubt that there is a vast universe beyond the range of human appreciation, even if the outermost confines thereof had not already been defined. Eight years ago we were shown that by aid of certain rays, differing very materially from ordinary light waves, we can make ourselves familiar with facts and conditions formerly inaccessible to us. The X-rays which can locate a bullet in a bone practically extended our senses in the direction to which I have alluded. So also, when we pose before the camera of the photographer, most of the light waves to which we owe the reproduction of our personality on his sensitive plate are not directly concerned in vision at all. It may be that there lies a wide field for exploration in respect of these rays, which, useful for certain phases of man's work, are yet useless for another.

The electrical side of the world's phenomena is that to which we naturally turn with the highest expectation of receiving confirmation that the range of human senses is being extended apace. A quarter of a century ago or so, Hertz discovered the electric waves which bear his name, and made wireless telegraphy possible. A further development leads us to note how certain conditions may interfere with the progress and direction of such waves. A recent demonstration of this fact was afforded by the interference of Mr. N. Maskelyne with messages sent to the Royal Institution, London, during a lecture in course of delivery by Professor Fleming. Here we seem to gain a glimpse of a new universe, through which electric waves 600 ft. long flash at a rate of 186,000 miles per second, which is the velocity of light. Beyond all these and similar discoveries lies the idea of the possibility of our appreciating the nature of this external universe, at the portals of which science is knocking so strenuously for admission.

Science has long since demonstrated that our five senses have certainly to be increased by three or four others, among them the heat sense and the sense of weight. Our senses and ourselves are the products of a long, long evolution; and it has been asked whether, in the future of humanity, a development of what may be called an electrical sense might not be possible. With, say, an eye adapted for the exercise of such functions, it has been said, we might be able to see from London what was happening in New York, or witness the progress of any movement—or, perchance, hear a concert if the ear could be developed likewise—in Melbourne. But these things are dreams to-day—only some dreams "come true." ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

F R JAMES.—If you think the work you have in use too elementary, try "Chess Openings, Ancient and Modern."
A R Robins.—You have addressed your complaint to the wrong column. We published no such problem as you mention.
G HAYDON.—(1) The first move must be limited to one square. (2) The Black Knight is required to prevent a mate in two moves.
H A SALWAY.—In problem No. 94 in your main play if Black play 2. Kt takes P, where is the mate?
BANSARI DAS (Moradabad).—Your problem is quite sound and good. It shall appear in its turn.
A KILIN.—Thanks for problem.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3081 and 3082 received from R C Paul, M B (Calcutta); of No. 3084 from A G Bagot (Dublin), W A Lillico (Glasgow), G C B, Silvio Martinelli (Vienna), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and F B (Worthing); of No. 3085 from Sorrento, Albert Wolff (Putney), F B (Worthing), A G (Pancsova), A G Bagot (Dublin), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), and W A Lillico (Glasgow); of No. 3086 from Freyberg (Munich), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Clement C Danby, F B (Worthing), H S Brandreth (Weybridge), A G Bagot (Dublin), Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), Silvio Martinelli (Vienna), and A G (Pancsova).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3087 received from Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Charles Burnett, L Desanges, F Henderson (Leeds), A G Bagot (Dublin), G C B, B Cafferata, Freyberg (Munich), J W (Campsie), F N Braund (Newport, I.W.), Joseph Cook, Clement C Danby, F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), Captain Spencer, T Roberts, W D Easton (Sunderland), Charles E Robson (Saffron Walden), G Haydon, T Smith (Brighton), Reginald Gordon, F B (Worthing), Sorrento, R Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, Martin F E J Winter-wood, G Stillingfleet (Johnston), A Helcher (Weycombe), W d A Barnard (Uppingham), B Tree (Camberwell), D E W Maschke (Crowthorne), F J S (Hampstead), Hereward, G Bakker (Rotterdam), H Watkins (Clifton), and H Le Jeune.

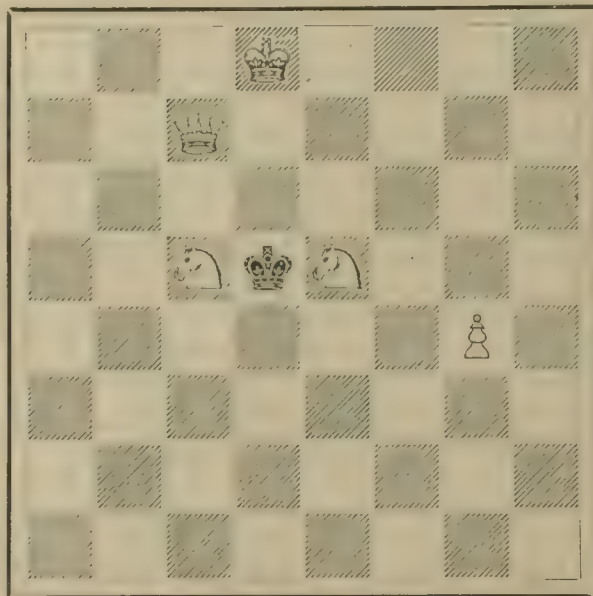
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3086.—By E. J. WINTER WOOD.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to Q B sq K takes P
2. Kt to B 5th (ch) K moves
3. Q to Kt 5th, mate.

If Black play 1. K to K 3rd, or 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 5th; and if 1. B to Kt 3rd, 2. Q to Kt 5th (ch), any move; 3. Q or Kt mates.

PROBLEM No. 3089.—By P. H. WILLIAMS.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. SCHLECHTER and GUNSBURG.

(King's Knight Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt to K 3rd	Kt to Kt 6th
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. K R to K sq	K to Q sq
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Kt 4th	It is always well to keep clear of masked batteries, but it takes up valuable time.	
4. P to K R 4th	P to Kt 5th	18. B to Q 3rd	K to B 2nd
5. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd	19. Kt to B 4th	Q to K 2nd
This is known as Paulsen's Defence, and is usually analysed in favour of the second player.		20. R to K 3rd	P to Kt 4th
6. P to Q 4th	Kt to K B 3rd	Here Black seems to slip. In any case the advance was too precipitate, and leaves the Knight's file for White's Rook to come in presently with fatal effect.	
7. B takes P	P to Q 3rd	21. Q to R 5th (ch)	K to Kt 2nd
8. Kt takes B P	P to Q 3rd	22. R takes Kt	P takes Kt
Not in the books, but quite in the spirit of the opening. A fine development is secured by the sacrifice.		23. B takes P	Kt to Q 2nd
9. B to B 4th (ch)	K takes Kt	24. R to B sq	R to R 2nd
10. Kt to B 3rd	K to K 4th	25. B to R 6th (ch)	Kt to Kt sq
11. B to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th	26. R to Kt 3rd (ch)	Kt to Kt 3rd
12. Q to Q 2nd	P to K R 3rd	27. R takes Kt (ch)	P takes R
13. B takes B	Q takes B	28. Q takes P (ch)	B to Kt 2nd
14. Kt to Q 5th	Q to Kt 2nd	29. H to R 6 (dis. ch)	R to R 2nd
15. Castles Q R	P to B 3rd	30. Q takes P (ch)	K to R sq
		31. Q takes P (ch)	Resigns.

Another game played in Vienna between Messrs. SWIDERSKI and TSCHEGORIN.

(Bishop's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Mr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	16. Kt to B 4th	B to B 5th (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	17. K to Kt 2nd	Q to K B 4th
3. B to B 4th	P to Q 4th	Gaining a strong attack, which is pressed vigorously to the end.	
4. B takes P	Q to R 5th (ch)	18. Q to B 2nd	Kt to Kt 5th
5. K to B sq	P to Kt 4th	19. P to Kt 3rd	B to B 2nd
6. Q Kt to B 3rd	B to Kt 2nd	20. B to R 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
7. P to Q 4th	K Kt to K 2nd	Everything now tells for Black, and the compulsory exchanges that ensue carry him to victory.	
8. Q to Q 3rd	Castles	21. Kt takes Kt	B takes Kt (ch)
9. P to K 5th		22. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt (ch)
10. P to Kt 3rd	Q to R 4th	23. K to Kt sq	P to K B 4th
11. B to B 3rd	P to Kt 5th	24. R to Q sq	K R to K sq
12. B takes Kt	Kt takes B	25. P to B 4th	Q to K 5th
13. K Kt to K 2nd		26. B to Kt 2nd	Q R to Q sq
We confess we do not understand why B takes P was not good enough.		27. B to B 3rd	P to B 4th
14. Q takes Kt P	P takes P	28. R to K H sq	P takes P
15. P to K 6th	B takes P	29. B to R sq	B to R 3rd
		White resigns.	

The Southern Counties Chess Union announces that it will hold an amateur tournament at Plymouth, commencing Monday, Aug. 31, and concluding Wednesday, Sept. 9. A very ample prize-list is provided, and intending competitors can obtain full particulars on application to the honorary secretary and treasurer, Mr. Walter P. Weekes, 7, Sussex Terrace, Plymouth.

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PRESIDENT LOUBET.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

Of the seven Presidents who have occupied the chair since the establishment of the Third Republic, there was not one whose advent looked less promising than that of M. Emile Loubet. Yet it is an absolute fact that not one of his six predecessors managed to secure as much goodwill as he from all parties in the State. The kindly feeling towards him is not due to transcendent abilities or boldness of initiative on his part; for he lays no claim to either of these qualities—if qualities they be nowadays in any but an autocratic ruler. But there is a *bonhomie* about the man which every one of his predecessors lacked; that which passed muster as such with Jules Grévy being a more or less palpable imitation, according to the degree of proximity from which one had the opportunity of judging. Gambetta, who approached very closely, called the third President of the Republic "Machiavel-Prudhomme"—in other words, a "spurious good sort"—and he was not far wrong.

Grévy suffered, moreover, from the besetting sin of nearly all Frenchmen springing from the middle classes, though perhaps not to the same extent as Thiers—namely, rapaciousness, a fault from which Loubet is particularly and remarkably free. Accident—for it would be idle to call it anything else—has also befriended him by mating him with an open-handed wife, cordial, unpretending, and naturally—as distinct from artificially—amiable to all, but especially to her husband's cronies, for whom she personally prepared her choicest dishes and whom she entertained jovially in their flat in the Rue de Tournon while the official residence of the President of the Senate—the Luxembourg—was deserted. Madame Grévy, who belonged to a humbler grade of the *bourgeoise* society than Madame Loubet, never appeared at all except at the official entertainments of the President of the Chamber, and the subsequent President of the Republic. Grévy's personal friends practically knew nothing of her. Madame Thiers, who sprang from the *haute bourgeoisie*, erred in the opposite direction: she was scarcely ever away from her husband's side, and she was even more of a skinflint than he. She controlled the public as well as private expenses of the Presidency, and made herself and her distinguished spouse a byword among his familiars and an object of ridicule among his opponents.

Thiers when he became President of the Republic had a very ambiguous political past to atone for; Emile Loubet has never served any other régime. Thiers was the reverse of generous to his relatives, who, it is true, were not very creditable. Loubet is most solicitous about the welfare of his kinsmen, and particularly affectionate to his mother. Family affection counts for much in France, albeit that generally it is based upon greed, which is not the case with Loubet; for old Madame Loubet lived but in humble circumstances before her son's political star reached the ascendant, and to a great extent continues to live in a similar manner.

The tragic death of M. Sadi Carnot contributed much to the creation of an exaggerated, not to say a false, halo around him after his demise; his name was of incalculable benefit to him during his Presidency. He was a civil engineer of respectable attainments, but nothing more: an act of simple and elementary integrity brought him to the fore when Grévy was forced to resign the Presidency of the Republic. It became known that Carnot had refused to pass a shady transaction involving the misappropriation of a couple of millions of francs while he was in office. It seemed as if the Diogeneses of the Third Republic, with all their lanterns alight, were baffled to find another honest man; and Carnot was elected. There was another honest man—there were more than that one—but they had made themselves disagreeable, not only to their colleagues of the Chamber and the Senate, but to the Parisians in general, who would hear neither of Jules Ferry nor of Henri Brisson, mainly on account of their non-sociable qualities. It is a significant fact that, notwithstanding the hints against Emile Loubet in connection with the Panama affair, he was elected to the Presidency by a considerable majority. Of course, M. Loubet had to stand the onslaught of a great portion of the Parisian Press, including not only the organs of M. Drumont and M. Rochefort, but those inspired by such men as M. Jules Lemaître and M. Paul de Cassagnac. And when all these had exhausted their vocabulary of vilification of the moral, intellectual, and political man, they took to criticising his personal appearance and his clothes. They had voted Felix Faure too much of a dandy; they had bantered M. Casimir-Périer about his turn-down collar; they called Loubet a *frotteur endimanché*—a "floor-polisher in his Sunday clothes." They reminded people of Adèle Page, the actress, who at one time voted Henri Murger "too badly dressed," and the next "too well dressed." M. Loubet put himself in the hands of a good tailor, a good shirtmaker, a good bootmaker, and a fashionable hatter—"a little too soon," as a wag remarked; for in a short while a so-called gentleman of the Royalist or Imperialist faction—there are no longer any parties of either—spoilt his new hat at the races of Longchamp, proving thereby the fallacy of Louis-Philippe's axiom, "a hat is more serviceable for all ordinary purposes than a crown."

M. Loubet does not profess to be an uncompromising opponent of capital punishment, and he does not sign, as did Jules Grévy, commutations of sentences almost indiscriminately; but even where his sense of justice approves of the law taking its course, he will suspend that law at the prayer of the mother of ever so hardened a criminal. "God would have never ordered Sarah to sacrifice Isaac, for she would have refused," he said on the occasion of his signing the pardon of Schneider, a young and callous criminal. "Hence he commanded Abraham." Not bad for a Republican and a Catholic, who is not supposed to have studied the Bible very closely.

The Simplest Truths are Mightiest in their Force !! IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN!

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."

'Her joy was Duty, And love was Law.'

ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST POETIC GEMS:
MAUD MULLER.

MAUD MULLER, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadow sweet with hay.
Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.
Singing, she wrought, and her merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.
But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,
The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—
A wish, that she hardly dare to own,
For something better than she had known.
The Judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane.
He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees to greet the maid,
And asked a draught from the spring that
flowed
Through the meadow across the road.
She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,
And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare and her tattered gown.
"Thanks!" said the Judge, "a sweeter
draught
From a fairer hand was never quaffed."
He spoke of the grass and flowers and
trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming
bees;
Then talked of the haying, and wondered
whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul
weather.
And Maud forgot her brier-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown,
And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.
At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.
Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah me!
"That I the Judge's bride might be!
"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
"And praise and toast me at his wine.
"My father should wear a broadcloth coat;
"My brother should sail a painted boat;
"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
"And the baby should have a new toy each
day.
"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor,
"And all should bless me who left our door."

The Judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.
"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
"Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet;

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
"Nor weary lawyers with endless tongues,
"But low of cattle and song of birds,
"And health and quiet and loving words."



Maud Muller.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in Court an old love tune:
And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.
He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.
Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go;
And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.
Oft, when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;
And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms
To dream of meadows and clover-blooms.
And the proud man sighed with a secret pain,
"Ah that I was free again!
"Free, as when I rode that day,
"Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."
She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.
But care and sorrow, and childbirth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.
And oft, when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,
And she heard the little spring brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,
In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein.
And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eyes read her face.
Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;
The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,
And for him who sat by the chimney lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,
A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was dry and love was law.
Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been."
Alas! for maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!
God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.
For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been."
Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes;
And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away!

WHITTIER.

WHAT HIGHER AIM CAN MAN ATTAIN THAN CONQUEST OVER HUMAN PAIN?

THE JEOPARDY OF LIFE IS IMMENSELY INCREASED WITHOUT SUCH A SIMPLE PRECAUTION AS

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT.'

How important it is to every individual to have at hand some simple, effective, and palatable remedy such as 'FRUIT SALT' to check disease at the onset! Whenever a change is contemplated likely to disturb the condition of health, let it be your companion, for, under any circumstances, its use is beneficial, and never can do harm. It is absolutely essential to the healthy action of the animal economy. To travellers, emigrants, sailors, or residents in tropical climates it is invaluable. By its use the blood is kept pure, and fevers and epidemics prevented.

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LADIES' PAGES.

London has been receiving illustrious foreign guests. The Khedive of Egypt was the guest of the hour before President Loubet's arrival. The Khedive has been seen in London society in the ordinary attire of an English gentleman, and simply looks in that guise a young man of very dark complexion; he might be an Italian or a Spaniard. His Highness is, of course, quite accustomed to mix with Europeans in the cosmopolitan society of Cairo; yet it must seem striking to him to be present at such brilliant gatherings as those that he attended at Lady Londonderry's and Lady Lansdowne's. Whereas all the English papers say that his Highness conforms to European ideas, and has but one wife, several people assured me when I was in Cairo that he has three. The Khedive's family arrangements, at all events, are, of course, those of his religion and race; that is to say, the Khediva takes no part in society, and, in fact, is never seen by any other man than her husband, and possibly one or two of her other nearest relations. Some Mohammedan men refuse to let even their own brothers ever see their wives; and object to their visiting other ladies. Mohammedan women, like those of every race and faith, adopt the restrictions which are placed upon them without question; and many of them pride themselves upon never going outside their own doors. An American lady missionary told me that she once said to a Mohammedan lady: "How beautiful the Lebek-tree is round at the side of your house!" To which the reply was proudly given: "I have been told so before, but I have never seen it!" She could have viewed the tree by walking a dozen steps out of her own door, and there was nothing to prevent her had she wished to do so. Many Egyptian men, however, are now beginning to see that the seclusion and uneducated state of the women are a great drawback to the progress of the Egyptian nation, and are themselves devising plans for the enlightenment of their daughters.

Apart from such wide and deep-reaching social questions as the seclusion and non-education of women, there are dozens of little differences between our own and Eastern etiquette. The practice in the Orient of offering to a person whatever he or she may happen to admire, and pressing the gift when declined, leads to many complications. A trivial yet amusing point of difference between Egyptian and European etiquette is that in Egypt the visitor may not take leave until the host has given *congé*, while here, of course, we should think it the height of rudeness for the host to suggest in any way that it was time for the guest to depart. An Englishwoman who lives in Cairo told me



A SEASIDE DRESS IN BLUE LINEN.

that the first time she received a call from a party of Egyptian ladies she was amazed at their prolonged stay. They sat and sat, to their own secret chagrin, of course, until in despair they had to break through what they considered good manners and take their leave; and afterwards my friend found out how she had failed in the hostess's duty of saying "Go!" The usual method for the hint is for the hostess to send a servant to take the coffee-cups which the guests have been using, and which they nurse until relieved, at the same time inquiring if they will take more coffee. It is proper for the visitors to decline, and then rise to leave. The Khedive dismisses his guests by half rising from his seat as though to say farewell.

The Khedive had timed his visit in order to attend the marriage of the Financial Adviser to the Egyptian Government, Sir J. Eldon Gorst, K.C.B., with Miss Evelyn Rudd; but, after all, his Highness was not able to be present at the ceremony, as the King appointed an interview with him at the same time at Buckingham Palace. He went, however, to the reception after the ceremony, and gave the bride a lovely wedding-present in the shape of a complete suite of ornaments set with peridot. There have been quite an exceptional number of society weddings during this season. A very smart one was that of the youngest son of Lord and Lady Iveagh to Lady Evelyn Erskine, daughter of the Earl of Buchan. The bride's dress was nearly covered with priceless lace laid over satin and trimmed with pearl embroidery. Lady Warwick's little son and the other small page were in white picture-dresses, having satin knee-breeches, full chiffon shirts, and lace collars. The bridesmaids' dresses were white crêpe-de-Chine, with "1830" capes of tucked chiffon, and they wore wreaths of myrtle in flower.

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Elsie Smith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Smith, of Holland Park, with Mr. T. P. Hardwicke. The bride wore a lovely costume of white chiffon draped with lace and laid over satin, the train trimmed with folds of chiffon fixed on with chiffon roses and orange-blossoms. The little train-bearers, the nephews of the bride, were attired in picture-costumes of white satin. It was a white wedding, as the bridesmaids wore white mousseline-de-soie, with white hats and ostrich feathers, relieved by bouquets of pink roses, which, together with pearl brooches, were the gifts of the bridegroom.

Our Illustrations show gowns suitable for the seaside or country. One is in butcher-blue linen trimmed with fine white braid laid in a mitred design upon the skirt, the collar, and the cuffs, which turn back at the elbow. There is a shirt of tucked muslin showing at the throat and the waist, and the undersleeves correspond. The other gown is in a soft cloth or fine serge, with

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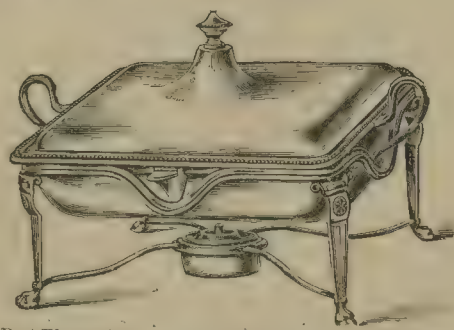
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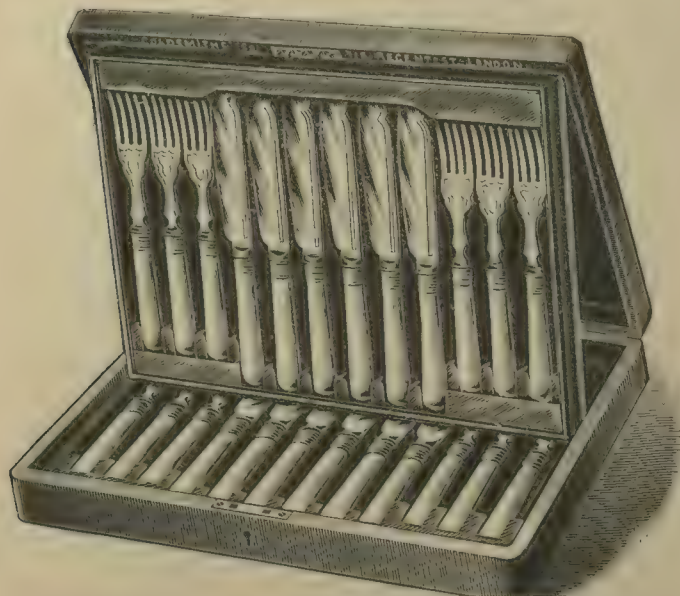
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white spotted muslin for the cuffs, and strappings of white linen or serge. The belt is a high swathed one of soft silk to correspond in colour with the dress, and the hat is of straw trimmed with white birds.

Nearly a hundred and fifty ladies received their degrees on Presentation Day at the London University. This institution has the distinction of having been the first, under the sympathetic leadership of the late Earl Granville, to give women admission to all examinations on precisely equal terms with men, and to bestow upon them the degrees which they have thus earned. Out of ninety-two Bachelors of Science presented at the recent degree day, no fewer than twenty-two were women. Ten ladies became Master of Arts, ninety-two Bachelor of Arts, nine took medical degrees, and two received the very high distinction of Doctor of Science. The occasion was further marked by the acceptance by the Princess of Wales of the honorary degree of Doctor of Music. H.R.H. is an excellent musician, and has a sweet contralto voice, which was well trained in her youth by Signor Tosti. His songs were great favourites with the Princess's grandmother, the aged Duchess of Cambridge; and Princess May gave special attention to her singing in order that she might be able frequently to lighten the evening hours for her beloved ancestress, who was confined to her room for many years before her death, and who, as she once wrote sadly to a young friend, never knew a day without pain, music being her only source of enjoyment.

The Duke of Argyll presided over a meeting arranged by Canon and Mrs. Wilberforce in support of the election of women as Guardians of the Poor. There are about a thousand ladies now fulfilling this unpaid public service; but as the Guardians of the Poor in all England and Wales number about 32,000 persons (how remarkable, by the way, that there should be so many men and women willing to accept unpaid public office!), the ladies form but a small portion of the whole; and the object of the meeting was to urge more women of leisure and ability to take up this work. Testimony is universal to the benefit of their services. They are not sentimental or silly; they are not easily imposed upon and led away by their sympathies; but they are practically kind and quick to see what ameliorations can be introduced into the life of the deserving poor, especially the aged in that last haven of life. The point about this meeting is that there is every probability of women guardians being treated as the women School Board members have just been—namely, discharged without thanks! It is an open secret that a Bill has been prepared to place the Guardianship of the Poor, as well as the management of the schools, under the County Councils, upon which women cannot be elected.

After many years, the London Borough Councils are going to follow the example set them by a wisely philanthropic woman a quarter of a century ago. Miss



A COUNTRY COSTUME IN FINE SERGE.

Octavia Hill proved so long ago as that the possibility of adapting existing houses to the requirements of the poorest class of tenants; and also that, when once the necessary alterations have been made, it is quite possible to compel or persuade the people to keep their dwellings decently. Miss Octavia Hill started this wise and philanthropic enterprise when she was quite a girl, and devoted her youth to the detailed effort to provide decent homes for the poor at rents that they could afford to pay. Mr. Ruskin was, I believe, the first person whom she succeeded in practically interesting in her scheme; he supplied the necessary capital to take and transform the houses in a slum into sanitary abodes, which Miss Hill, by tact and oversight, persuaded the poor tenants to keep decent. A clause in an Act of Parliament has existed for many years under which vestries (now called Borough Councils) might have done the same work. Only a year ago it was put in force for the first time in Camberwell; and it is now reported by the Council that the "adapted houses" have been a great success, encouraging cleanly habits and good behaviour amongst the tenants, and that "the scheme has not cost the ratepayers a penny, it being from the first self-supporting." The only wonder is why Miss Octavia Hill's lead was not followed long ago, instead of the slow and costly plan of building new huge blocks of "artisans' dwellings" being alone adopted.

Messrs. Hampton, whose artistic furnishing establishment at Pall Mall East is well known to everyone who cares about furniture of the highest class, are holding their clearance sale. Up to July 18 there are some wonderful bargains to be had in household linens, carpets, and draperies, and they have had the enterprise to issue a specially illustrated catalogue for the benefit of their customers, from which the patterns can be seen with sufficient clearness for orders to be given by post satisfactorily. The prices are reduced 33½ per cent., and the goods are of the finest, so it is quite an opportunity.

Why should not boys have their sales as well as their mammas and sisters? Messrs. Gardiner and Company, the well-known tailors and outfitters for young gentlemen, answer this question by announcing a sale at greatly reduced prices of their goods for the clothing of boys of all ages. The sale began on July 6, and will be carried on at all their various establishments—the corner of Brompton Road, Knightsbridge; corner of Chapel Street, Edgware Road; 159, Upper Street, Islington; and St. John's Road, Clapham Junction. An extensively illustrated sale catalogue is issued for the benefit of their customers who wish to order by post.—FILOMENA.

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SOAP



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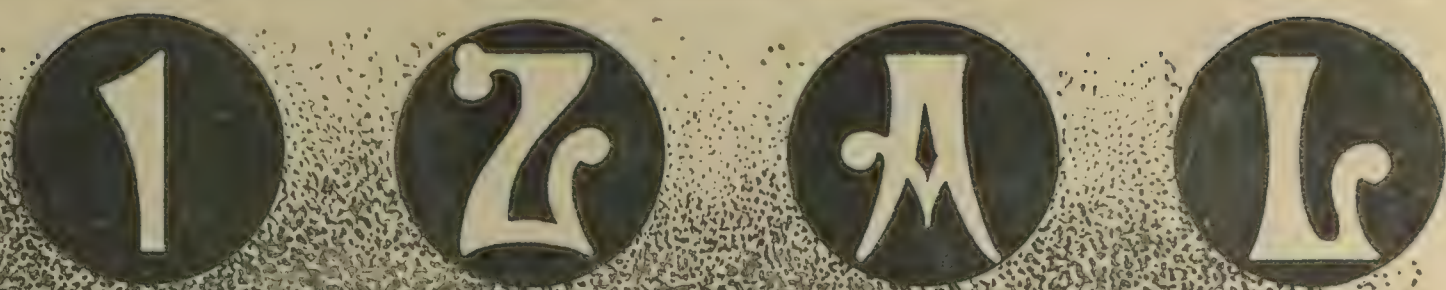
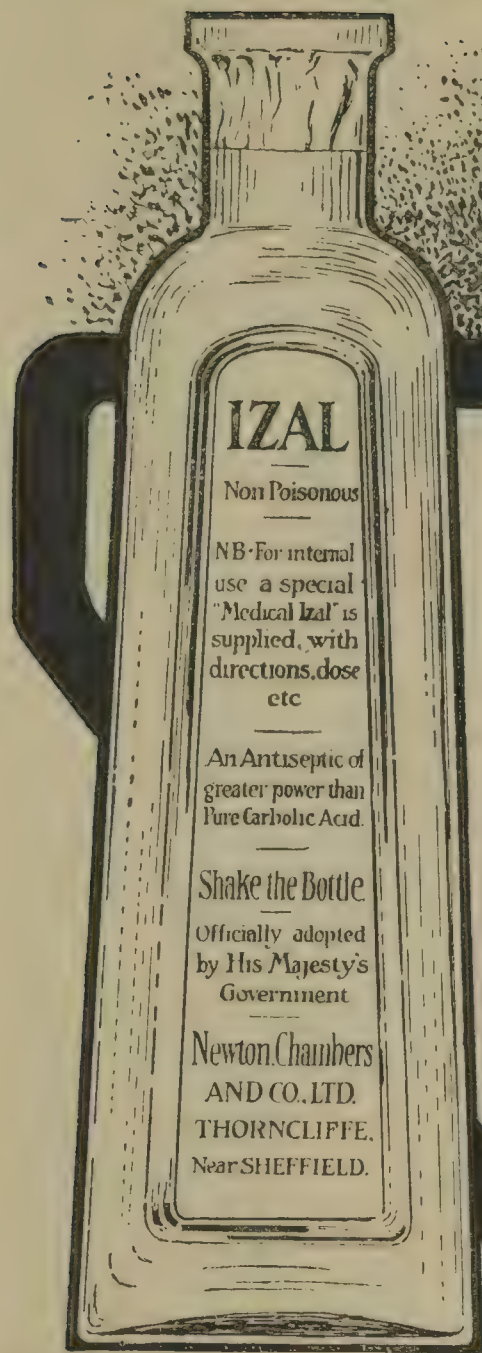
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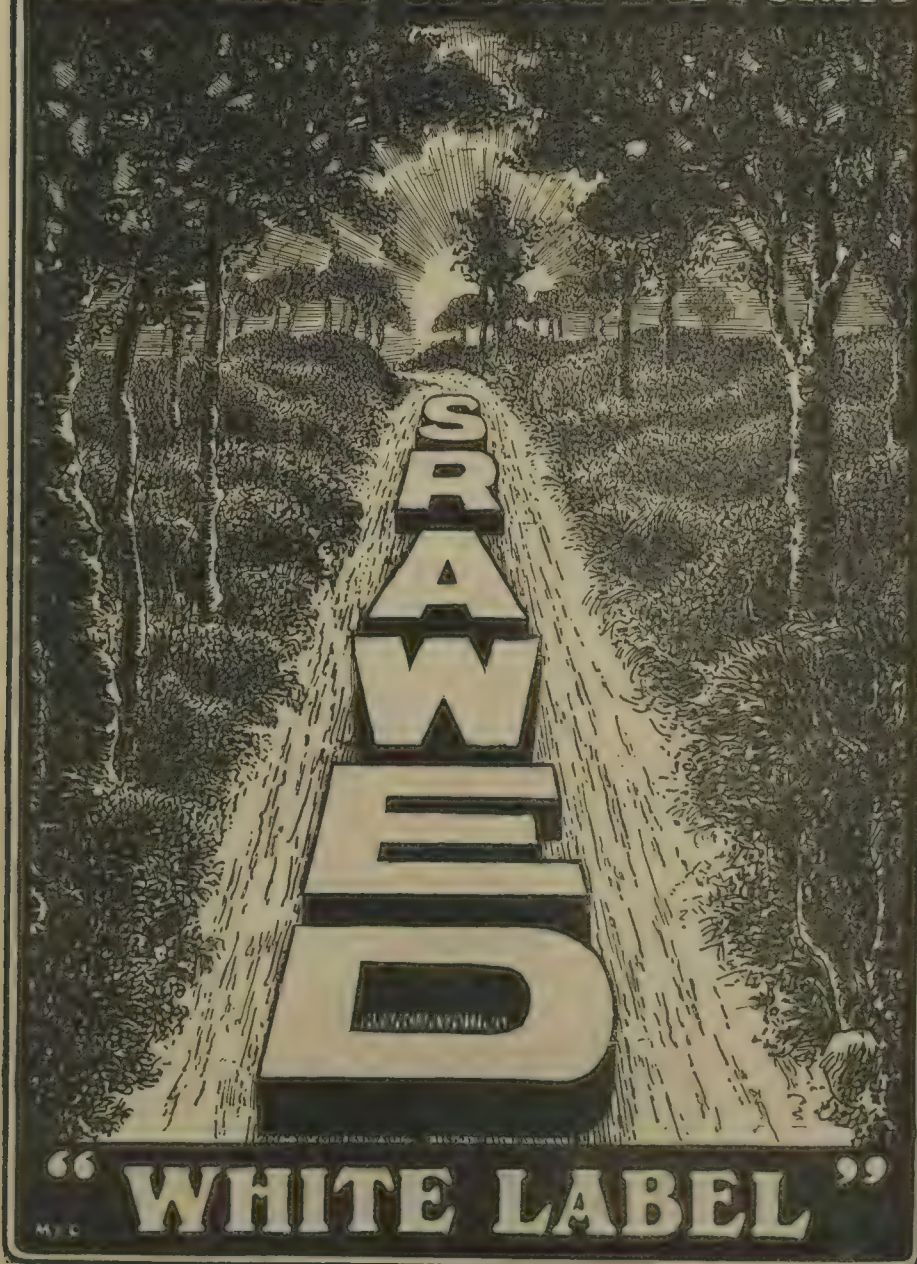


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ART NOTES.

In aid of the Children's Hospital in Great Ormond Street, Messrs. Agnew and Sons have brought together in their Bond Street Galleries a collection of "Engraved Portraits of One Hundred Beautiful Women and Children by English Artists of the Eighteenth and Early Nineteenth Centuries." The catalogue preface will probably be skipped by the visitor, who will turn at



SOLID GOLD CASKET, PRESENTED TO PRESIDENT LOUBET BY THE CORPORATION OF LONDON.

The casket, which is of solid 18-carat gold, is oblong in form, with ornate ends, the body portion having graceful curves and mouldings. It is surmounted by a group representing England, France, with a figure of Peace standing between. It was designed and manufactured by the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, Limited, 112, Regent Street, London, W.

once to the Jones reproduction of Gainsborough's portrait of Giovanna Baccelli, a dancer of celebrity in London and Paris, who has another enviable immortality, a mention by Horace Walpole. The engraver gives us at least a key to the original; but, for Gainsborough's sake, the original should be known, and not merely the engraving.

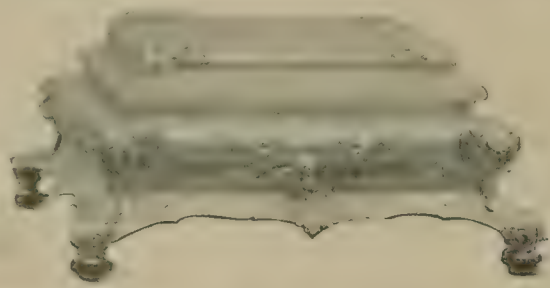
As a generality it is safe to say that Reynolds, whose "Miss Penelope Boothby" is the second of the

exhibits, reproduces better than his rival, Gainsborough. During his stiffer period his brushwork was capable of adequate representation by the graver. Among many examples here are the "Mrs. Musters," the "Mary Isabella, Duchess of Rutland," and the "Lady Bampfylde." Such engravings as these leave little to be sought for in the original canvases. Indeed one says of these canvases that they are like mezzotints. With Sir Joshua's richer and greater manner, the engraver was left behind, and in his "Mrs. Pelham," no less than in Gainsborough's "Mrs. Robinson," there is a something missing, a something the engraver does not understand or does not see. Romney, as may be seen in his "Henrietta, Countess of Warwick," had excellent representation in black and white. Sir Thomas Lawrence, whose "Lady Peel" is here, was less lucky than Reynolds and Gainsborough in his period of both painting and engraving.

Mr. Mendoza, at the St. James's Galleries, has on view the drawings of two artists in water-colour. These are of "Scotland," by Mr. Charles E. Brittan, and of "Ireland—the Natives of the West," by Mr. C. MacIver Grierson, R.I. Mr. Grierson is much freer in technique than his comrade, and the mist of Ireland, for some reason, has points of attraction lacking in the mists of Scotland. The two exhibitions exist, one supposes, less for the instruction of the student than for the benefit of those who like to recognise transcripts of scenes they themselves have looked at—perhaps with a very different eye from that which the artist brought to bear upon them.

The foreign element, which is always particularly salient in London exhibitions of pastels, is represented this season at The Galleries in Piccadilly by K. Xavier Roussel, who has a light and cavalier hand for the execution of his well-conceived plan of colour, especially in his "Les Amandiers en Fleurs"; Gaston La Touche with his "Mardi Gras," sketched in with a brilliant touch that is strikingly Parisian; and Henri le Sidaner, who took a section of artistic London by storm with his recent exhibits at the Goupil Gallery.

Mr. Mortimer Menpes, at the Dowdeswell Galleries, has on view a multitude of small canvases painted at the Durbar. Their general effect is photographic; their colour is brilliant even to a glare; the execution is careful throughout. There are many portrait-studies of the various types; "My lord, the elephant," has his place in the great functions, such as State entries; the camels from Mysore remind us of the passage of time since Thackeray complained that nobody had yet succeeded in drawing a camel; and great potentates are seen side by side with hardly less dignified retainers,



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The casket is of silver-gilt, Victorian in design, with handsomely chased corners and finely modelled cherubs on either side, together with President Loubet's monogram. It was designed and modelled by Mappin Bros. (Incorporated with Mappin and Webb, Limited, of London and Sheffield), at their Regent Street branch.

each one a fit subject for the skilled eye and hand of Mr. Menpes. The energy which got a sitting from "Lord Curzon in his Study at Delhi," is displayed in the handicraft, and the exhibition remains as a monument to the artist's versatile industry. Among the "Notes" in the catalogue we get such statements as this about Lady Curzon: "a lady whose popularity is only excelled by her beauty."

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"Your face gives proof," smiled Sunny Jim.

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"Mrs. ———— London, S.E."

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 24, 1902), with a codicil (dated Jan. 10, 1903), of Louisa Caroline, Baroness Ashburton, of Kent House, Knightsbridge, who died on Feb. 1, was proved on July 1 by the Marquis of Northampton, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £285,588. The testatrix devises her estate at Loch Luchart, Ross, to her grandson William, Lord Compton; all her freehold and leasehold property in Hants and Wilts to her grandson Lord Spencer Douglas Compton; and the advowson of Sherfield English, near Romsey, to the Patronage Secretary of the Church Pastoral Aid Society. She gives annuities of £500 each to her sister Mrs. Mary Frances Anstruther and Miss Hosner; £1000 to her niece Mrs. Stewart; £300 to Miss Catherine Phillimore; £100 to the Colportage Society; £250 to the London Missionary Society; £500 to the Church Missionary Society; and a few small legacies. The residue of her property she leaves to Lord Spencer Douglas Compton.

The will (dated April 29, 1903) of Sir William Robert Williams, third Baronet, of Upcott, Pilton, Devon, who died on May 16, was proved on June 29 by William Edwin Pitts Tucker and Charles Marwood Tucker, the executors, the gross value of the estate being £199,944. The testator directs his executors to pay the jointure of £1200 per annum to his wife, Dame Matilda Frances Williams, also the settled portion for his

younger children, and an annuity of £200 to Mary Tucker Persse while a spinster; and to hold the residue of his property, except plate and pictures, which are to devolve as heirlooms, for a period of twenty-one years from the date of his death, in trust, to apply the income thereof in the paying off of the incumbrances on his Devon and Cornwall estates, and subject thereto he settles such estate on his son William Frederick for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male. Should Lady Williams die during that period, £500 per annum is to be paid to the person who shall then be Baronet.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Forfar, of the settlement (dated July 23, 1895), with a codicil (dated July 2, 1902), of Sir Thomas Thornton, LL.D., of Thornton, Kincardine, Town Clerk of Dundee, who died on April 21, granted to William Thornton, the son, has just been resealed in London, the value of the personal estate in England, Scotland, and Ireland being £173,205.

The will (dated April 23, 1900), with four codicils (dated Nov. 21 and Dec. 12, 1900; June 21, 1901; and Aug. 8, 1902), of Mr. Edward Alexander Paterson, of 55, Fellows Road, Haverstock Hill, who died on April 29, was proved on June 29 by Mrs. Augusta Paterson, the widow, Mrs. Augusta Fanny Scott, the daughter, and Walter Braby, the nephew, three of the executors, the

value of the estate being £93,129. The testator bequeaths £400 per annum to his daughter Mrs. Augusta Fanny Paterson during the life of her mother; £100 to Walter Brady; and a few small legacies. The residue of his property is to be held, in trust, during the widowhood of his wife, to pay £400 per annum each to his three daughters, Mrs. Augusta Fanny Scott, Mrs. Minnie Louise Brady, and Louise Minnie Paterson; and the remainder of the income thereof to his wife. Subject thereto, all his estate and effects are to be held, in trust, for his three daughters in equal shares.

The publication of an "International Encyclopædia of Journalism" is announced, and the editors—Messrs. William Hill, Alfred Harmsworth, and Maurice Ernst—will be glad to receive information from all in a position to give it. The offices of the publication are Granville House, Arundel Street, Strand.

Those who wish to support that most deserving charity, the Printers' Pension Corporation, can do so with profit to themselves by purchasing "Printers' Pie." This publication, which is on sale at all booksellers and on all bookstalls, contains pictures by Sir E. J. Poynter, P.R.A., Edwin Abbey, R.A., Phil May, and other eminent artists, and contributions by the Duke of Argyll, Lord Avebury, Mr. Zangwill, and others. The price is half-a-crown, the whole of which benefits the fund.

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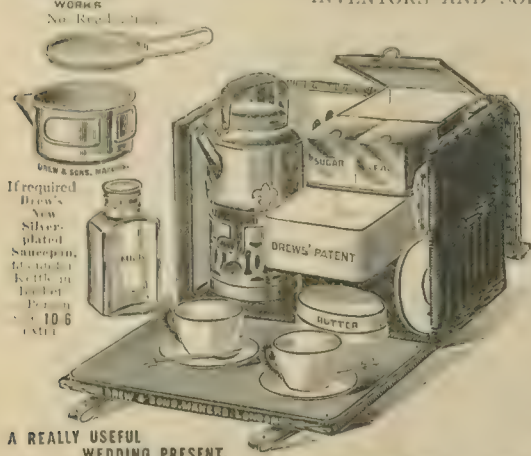
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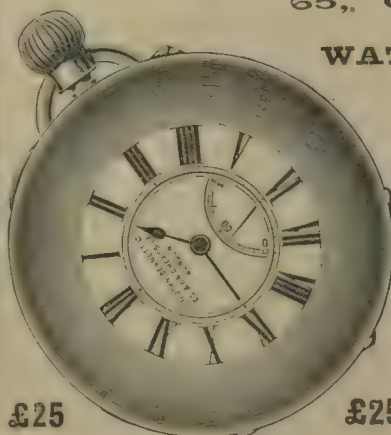
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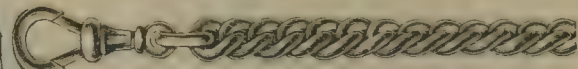
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ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The two elder sons of the Prince of Wales were present at evening service in St. Paul's Cathedral on the third Sunday after Trinity. They arrived in charge of the Hon. Derek Keppel some little time before the service began, and were conducted round the Cathedral by one of the Canons. The little Princes remained during prayers, but left before the sermon.

Bishop Royston, who is resigning the Vicarage of Childwall, will continue to act as Assistant Bishop in the diocese of Liverpool. Owing to advancing years, he has felt unequal to the pastoral care of so large a parish, and he will now take up his residence in Liverpool. A Broad Churchman, the Rev. R. M. Ainslie has been appointed to Childwall.

The *Church Times* of last week had an interesting leader on the Keswick Convention. It is admitted that there is much in the Keswick movement which may well provoke High Churchmen to emulation. "In many of those who have come under the influence of Keswick there is to be found a serene beauty of character and a degree of self-sacrifice which recall the example of the saints of the Church. How enormously Keswick

has aided foreign missions work, to take but one instance of this power, Mr. Stock has recorded in his great history of the C.M.S., and the influence of Keswick upon the inner life of Evangelicalism may be discerned in that large body of literature which exhibits so much of the spirit of Madame Guyon and the Protestant mystics."

The Bishop of Stepney will dedicate on Thursday, July 23, a set of stained-glass memorial windows, which are being placed in the Seamen's Church, Poplar. The west window depicts the marvellous draught of fishes, and each of the others is connected with scenes on the Lake of Galilee, as described in the Gospels.

The venerable Canon Christopher has much improved in health, and was able to attend the recent Wycliffe Hall reunion at Oxford. He listened with evident interest to Mr. Eugene Stock's address on the Church abroad during the Victorian era.

At the consecration of the little church of St. Cyprian, Marylebone, the Bishop of London wore the magnificent cope of Russian cloth-of-gold which the Bishop of Norwich wore at the Coronation. It was lent by Mr. Birkbeck, of St. Mark's, Philadelphia, and of all Souls', Brighton. The Bishop also wore a jewelled

mitre, and his path along the aisle was strewn with branches of pine, box, and rose-petals.

The Bishop of Gibraltar has been asked by the chaplains of the Church of England in Smyrna to supply them with a form of prayer to be used in public worship on behalf of the Macedonian Christians. They asked for the prayer in view of the facts that the country is passing through a severe crisis, and that a large Turkish army is occupying the land. The Bishop has sent a very beautiful prayer, which will be regularly used while the troubles of the Macedonian Christians continue.

We are asked to state, and have much pleasure in so doing, that the Fresh Air Fund will gladly welcome subscriptions of any amount. There are no expenses incurred by the management of the Fund, and thus every penny goes to the children in food or fares. Ninepence pays for a day's holiday for a child, and £8 2s. pays for a party of two hundred, with the necessary attendants. Subscriptions, which are duly acknowledged in *Pearson's Weekly*, can be sent to the Hon. Sec., at "Pearson's Buildings," Henrietta Street, W.C.

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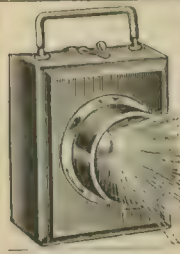
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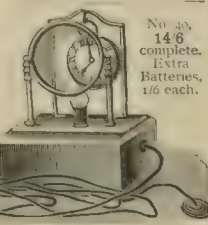
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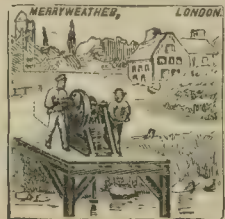
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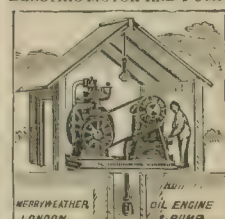
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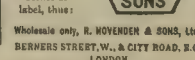
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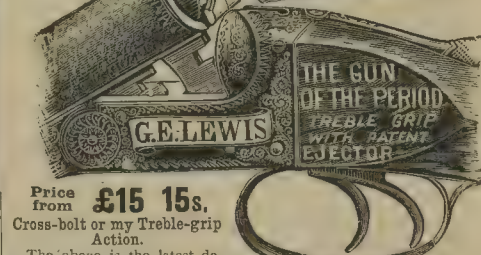
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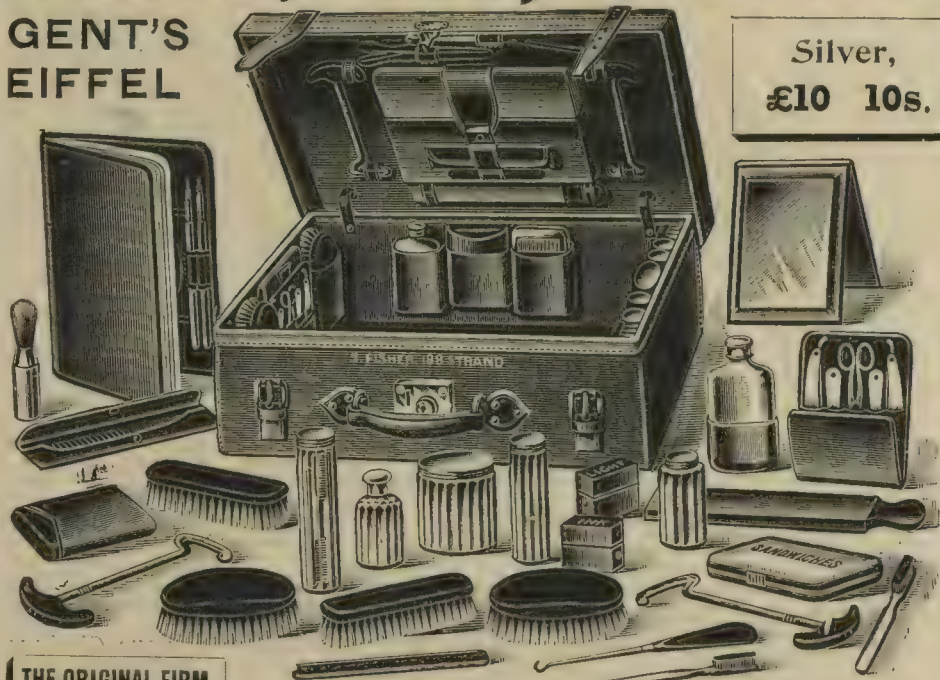
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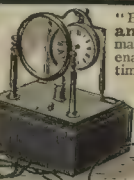
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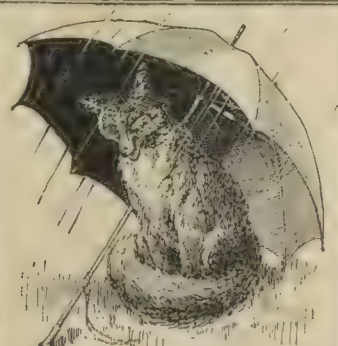
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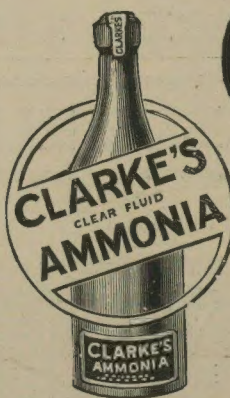
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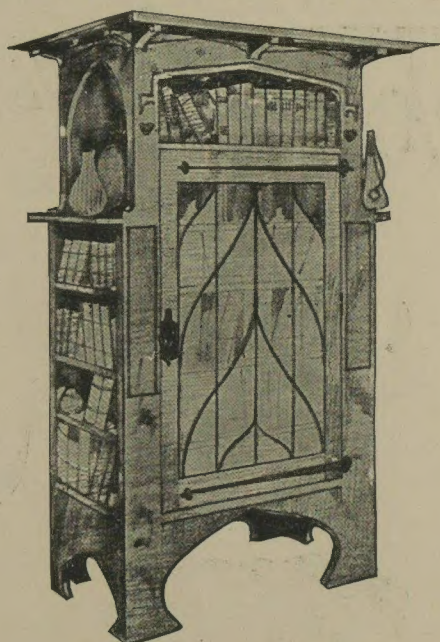
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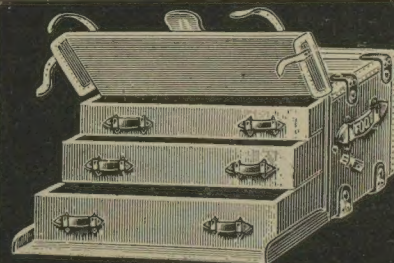
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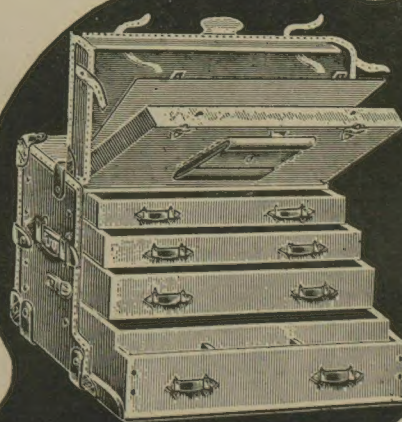


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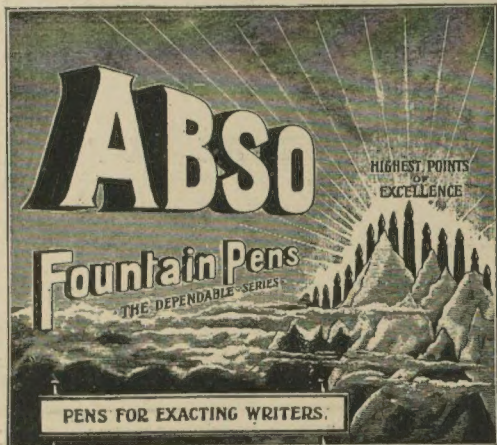
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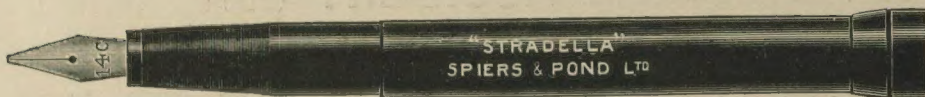


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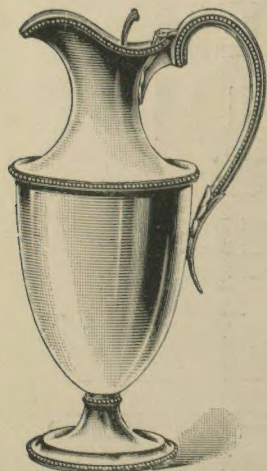
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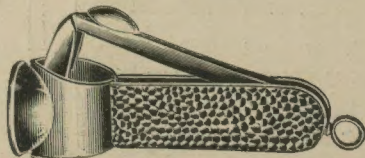
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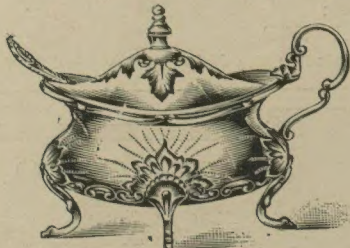


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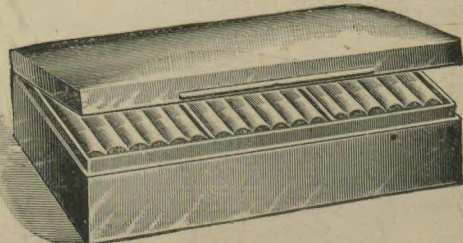


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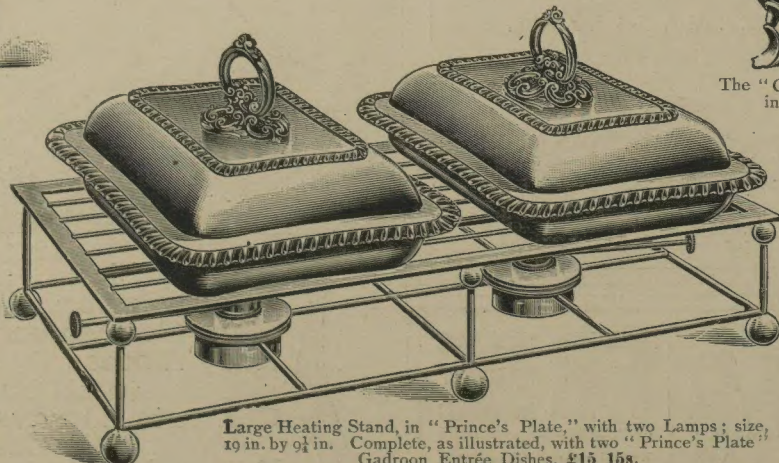


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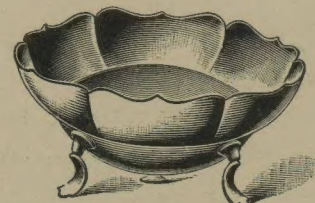
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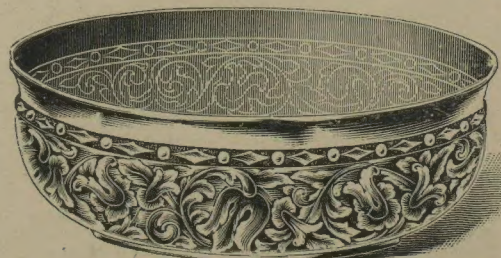


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